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E. FORBES

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BULLETIN FROM THE FAR WEST.

Christmas in Arkansas—Post Masters ditto—Priam—Fashionable Imported Horses—Old Contention—Monsieur Tonson—Medoc—Bascomb and Post Boy—Turf Register—Old Major Coe—Bear Hunt—Sanguinary accident to N.'s hunting pony—Two Challenges for $1000 a-side each—Handsome present—Sales of Blood Stock, etc.

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS, Jan. 2d, 1837.

DEAR P.—A merry New Year to you and all lovers of horse flesh. I have had a glorious Christmas. The way we did keep it up (after four good fiddles) in the country, from about 10 A. M. on Friday, until the same hour on Saturday, was the good old way of "*Adam and Eve.*" I came home Saturday night, thinking it would be so snug to sit before the fire and read the Spirit of the Times; but alas, they sung me the old song at the Post-office, "No Northern Mail." That we should ever get a mail from that quarter is surprising, for the contractor is a brute of a heart *that* (*who* should never be applied to such cattle) swallows, or rather gulps down a quart of *bald face* daily, and beats his wife in the bargain. In addition to all, he has a post office at his house—his son being postmaster—though now an unsophisticated warrior at Fort Gibson. But why spend ink or breath on the post office department—'tis like whistling to the wind. Amos, however, has *sugared* old Hickory, and makes him believe there is not a failure in a twelve month.

Priam has at length been purchased, and I should say at a tolerable high figure, though I have no doubt his spirited owners will realize something handsome on their purchase. I like Priam much—his pedigree is just what I would wish it to be—his performance was splendid. His form (according to the plates I have seen), with the exception of a want of depth of chest, is, I think, faultless. He is certainly a better horse than Rockingham, though beaten by him for the Leger. Touchstone is my favorite, not even excepting the great Plenipo. Priam will be the horse for the Eclipse stock—Glencoe for the Archy—Rowton for the Tonson—while Leviathan, Luzborough, Consol, Emancipation, Tranby, and a host of others, imported at high figures, will suit all sorts. The Tonson's are deficient in back bone, at least I heard old Hickory say so, and my own observation has strengthened his remark—they do not pack weight well. For instance, Ohio, Argyle, and that extraordinary filly, Catherine Davis.

What has Old Contention been doing? For I have looked in vain to see his get figuring during the past year. Ironette and Florida were capital racers. Old Eclipse will do well in Kentucky—his son Medoc has long since cleared the price given for him. By-the-bye, Medoc was a lucky horse; had he remained on the turf, he might possibly have shared the fate of Argyle and a host of others. This is a strange world—a horse winning in 7:55—7:58, though run to the eye-brows, gains more fame than one running a winner to the throat latch in 7:50—7:53.

The remarks in the Turf Register, relative to the merits of Bascomb and Post Boy, I much regret. They were ill-timed and uncalled for. Bascomb nobly won his honors, and palsied be the hand that would rob him of them. The writer in the Spirit of the Times in replying to them, has fallen into an error, in stating that the time made by Post Boy astonished his friends. He had previously run in 7:52 each heat, under a hard pull, and my prediction in a letter to you before the race, was 7:49—7:52 or 53.

A horse's reputation constitutes his value, and he who would hazard *it* lightly, is either foolish or mad. I am still in hopes these noble animals may yet come together, under such an arrangement as will suit the friends of both; and then, as old Major Coe said, when he yoked Jim Lemon at *seven up*, "Stand back boys, and let the *lion* and *painter* come together in all their ancient ways."

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The elements made war upon the contemplated Bear Hunt. Capt. BEAN and the Caldwells have been out since then—I did not accompany them. They report much *sign* on the Devil's Fork of Little Red, but their dogs were so worn out in travelling to it, they had to return.

An accident of a singular nature happened to me on last week. I was returning home through the woods, and had my gun with me—one barrel charged with small shot,—the other with 16 buck shot. I jumped off my pony and cocked the right hand barrel to shoot a squirrel—it run in its hole, and I did not fire. I uncocked my gun, led my pony to a log, and sprung on him. As I did so, the gun fired—he instantly fell, and without a groan, "shuffled off the mortal coil." The whole charge of buck shot entered his neck, just behind his right ear. I had on a big coat and gloves, (it being very cold) and presume the lock was caught in the cuff of the coat. He was a valuable pony, and well deserving a better fate. His loss I care not for, but the manner of his death sadly grieves me. The way I had to put down "*flatty*" for about eight miles, and the *Stannard style* in which I did it, made me think more than ever of poor pony.

Challenge.—You are authorized to state that Capt. THOS. T. TUNSTALL, of this county, will run his ch. c. *Little Red*, by Volcano, dam Zephyr, (full sister to Coahoma), dropped the Spring of 1835, against any colt of the same age, in the Fall of 1838, over the Batesville, Ark., Vicksburg, or Natchez, Miss., Course, for $1000 a-side, Two mile heats. Also his s. c. *Lycurgus*, by Volcano, out of Rebecca, by Palafox, same age, on the same terms, and for the same amount. To name and close by the 1st day of June, 1837. One half forfeit on each race, to be deposited in some bank. If a Sweepstakes is preferred, Capt. T. has no objections. I hope these matches will be made, for I am anxious to see Volcano's get take a *bout* with the speediest.

Capt. Tunstall has given one-fourth of Volcano to C. F. M. NOLAND, Esq.—a pretty present, by-the-bye, inasmuch as $4000 have been offered and refused for him.

A Mr. BRADFUTE has lately come here with two stallions by old Bertrand, out of a mare by Hogg's Madison. He brought also two mares and two fillies (by Bertrand, 2 years old). He sold one of the stallions at $900, and the other at $850. The mares sold at $225 and $250, and the fillies at $250 each. Of the purity of the blood I have my doubts—I suppose them seven-eighths.

My fingers are very cold, so *bon nuit*. Yours truly, N.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Park.—ELLEN TREE.—This lady has been the reigning star of the Park this week, and we are delighted to hail her triumph in another of Shakspeare's unequalled creations—Viola, in *The Twelfth Night.* Our contemporaries we deem hardly earnest enough in their commendation of this play, as enacted at the Park on Monday evening. We cannot recollect seeing one more faultlessly produced; nor does a single part occur to us as having been badly personated. Our readers would open their eyes were we to name the performer who evinced the least excellence.

But the part sustained by Miss Tree was perfect. Nothing was wanting to her representation of maiden archness and delicacy, of maidenly spirit and maidenly fear. Her periods were in very truth, "notes of linked sweetness long drawn out." Would that Miss Tree selected still oftener Rosalind and Viola—the most delightful characters in her line, and to our stage the most novel. In these we believe her to be perfectly unsurpassed.

Our notice last week of AUGUSTA's benefit was by one week premature. We cannot regret the error, as it gives us the opportunity, in correcting, again to express our admiration of her finished and graceful style, and to urge her admirers to seek early for a seat on her benefit night.

Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion* was produced at the Park on Thursday with eminent success. We have not space for a word more this week.

On Monday Knowles' new play of *The Wrecker's Daughter* is to be played for the first time in America, at the Park.

National.—The new opera of "*The Pirate Boy*" does great credit to the taste and judgment of Mr. WATSON, and is really a great feature among the novelties of the season. The opera is founded upon a tale of Capt Marryatt's, in his Naval Annual—"The Pirate and the Three Cutters"—which has been dramatised by J. B. Phillips, Esq. Miss WATSON plays the Pirate Boy, and with her fine voice and figure, has made the part her own. Mrs. WATSON has also a very capital part, in which she introduces several gems from the brilliant operas of the Italian school. Her fine *soprano* voice has never been heard to such advantage as in this beautiful opera. Mr. PLUMER, the best tenor in the country, has a tolerable acting part, of which he makes the most; but his songs and a duet with Mrs. Watson, with Aupick's trumpet obligato, are delightful. The managers have got up the opera in a very tasteful and elegant manner, and we advise everybody to go and hear it.

Flynn and Willard have engaged How's Circus company for the National, and are about to get up "an immense go," after they have "tried it on" with the new opera a few weeks longer. We understand they have renewed their lease of the National, which will give them time to finish their new theatre in splendid style. The stock of their new house has already been taken, and by a class of gentlemen who will do much to ensure success to the establishment.

Miss Watson takes her benefit on Tuesday, (last night of the Pirate Boy). Secure places early.

Bowery.—The new play of *Hernani* (alias *Zanthe*) has been produced at this house with great effect, and Miss Waring's Zanthe is described as an uncommonly fine personation. The piece is likely to have a run. Dinneford has engaged Cooke's Equestrian Company and fine stud of horses for twenty nights for $5000, and no doubt will make, as Flynn says, "A bloody good thing" of it. Several splendid melo dramas are in preparation, and altogether the prospects of a successful season for the Phœnix theatre are improving.

Four theatres and two amphi-theatres are in successful operation at the present moment in this city, and contracts have been entered into for the completion of two more theatres of the largest class—both on Broadway. Undoubtedly the best location for an amphi-theatre in town is the site on which the large building known as "*Tattersalls*" now stands. There is sufficient depth and front for the erection of a larger theatre than the Bowery. We have not room this week to detail the advantages an establishment on this site would possess over any other but they are demonstrable, and we advise Mr. Cooke and the managers of the Zoological Institute to give it an examination before they break ground in a thoroughfare less thronged.

FORREST IN LONDON.

The following extract from a letter in "The Times" of last Saturday morning will be read with interest, coming, as it does, from one of the very highest authorities on theatrical matters.—

"I see the Courier and Enquirer, and the American have copied notices of Forrest from the Spectator and Examiner, journals of small circulation, and devoted to another tragedian. The regular press, daily, weekly, and monthly, acknowledge Forrest's immense triumph. Travel has done much for him. He is a clear observer, and neglects no source of improvement. He is decidedly the greatest actor of the day. His Virginius on Monday surpassed, if possible, his other triumphs. The applause was even greater than that given to Lear; it was more enthusiastic than I ever heard."

The London Age, of Dec. 18th, has the subjoined paragraph upon Forrest:—

"It is almost superfluous to repeat, that in possession of such high advantages as have fallen to his lot, Mr. Forrest's reception has been brilliant in the extreme; but in recording it, we are bound to say, with regard to the land he came from, it would have been as great and decisive had he come from the remotest quarters of the earth, or from the more refined cradles of art and science in civilized Europe. The question of country or origin is never entertained with *us*, wherever any high order of talent has presented itself; for the very theatre in which Mr. Forrest appeared, (Drury Lane, for fear of any mistake), has introduced to us, with an equal degree of favor, proportioned to their respective merits, the most distinguished performers from France, Italy, and Germany. We have never questioned the birth-place of Malibran, of Schroeder Devrient, of Grisi, of Taglioni, of Mars, Rubini, Lablache, or Tamburini, or the hundred other great artists who have successfully appeared before us—we have only had to deal with their talent. At the same time, we cannot conceal our gratification at finding that the country which has received with so much hospitality, and paid with so much liberality, every British performer who has visited its shores, should at least have given us an opportunity of returning the compliment. Mr. Forrest, on the score of genuine talent, should make as much money in England as Mr. Kean did in America, and TEN TIMES AS MUCH as any *other* person whoever went there. We trust he will do so—but whether or no, he will make as much fame *as ever preceded, or ever will follow him* (!)

Il Diavolo HAMBLIN.—The London *Age* makes itself ridiculous by a trumpery account of Hamblin, whose ill-gotten gains in this country have enabled him to pay for the gratuitous "*bounce*" contained in each paragraph below.

Theatricals.—The most important dramatic event of the week (at least as far as the relationships of America and the mother country are concerned) has been the arrival of Mr. Hamblin from New-York. The rising generation of playgoers has yet to learn who Mr. Hamblin is, although the said Mr. Hamblin must be, we should say, under 40 years of age. Well—he was a very promising young actor under the late Mr. Elliston—married a daughter of the late comedian Blanchard, and started for America about twelve years ago, where, after performing a round of principal tragic parts, he eventually became manager of the Bowery theatre, and has made a splendid fortune thereby.

Mr. Hamblin having been a thorn in the sides of Price & Co., managers of the Park theatre, in New York, has come over to pickle a little the head of that firm, resident in London. He has brought with him, and lodged in the bank of England, somewhere about 30,000*l.* sterling, with which sum, and his own acknowledged activity, he means to sweep our theatrical community clean across the Atlantic—no longer leaving it to the pompous patronage of those who would like you at all times to understand that at least half America belongs to them.—We hear it is Hamblin's intention to establish himself in London for some length of time at all events, and for that purpose he is about to take a house in St. James' square, and sport a proper turn out. By this arrangement, he will be on the spot to send off to America the earliest novelties; and being intimate with most of the London managers—and what is still better, very popular with them, he can command all he pleases. Our own impression is, he will embark in one of our principal theatres, and thus carry all before him.

This America must be a thriving place altogether, for every performer makes money there—here is one manager rolling in gold, and another is said to realise 3000*l.* to 4000*l.* a year, by living in London, and sending out yearly half a dozen English performers to that chosen spot. However, all this goes to prove that Jonathan has a great taste for theatrical exhibitions, and that he seems to have plenty of money to indulge in it.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The manager of one of the leading Southern Theatres has sent the annexed communication, cut from a Louisiana paper, to be inserted in the Spirit of the Times, addressed *To the Inhabitants of Natchitoches.*

1ST. Why can we not *build* a *Theatre* for the improvement of the Town? and likewise for all the surrounding town?—as well as at Fort Jesup (La.) managed by Mr. J. E. ROCA. There, is full life and Pleasure, while we are here in calmness; (and the strangers from all parts, expect some amusement:) but find none,—which if they had a place of that *sort* or *kind* to resort to, they would stay, the population would soon increase, to a large population.

2ND. Now, my advice is to build a "*Theatre,*" for the improvement of commerce, encouragement of Hotels, boarding-houses, music and mercantile trades, and likewise of fine arts. Besides, a Theatre is instructing and both are useful to "*Youthful minds.*"

3RD. Mr. Roca has written to a gentleman in this town, that he will be here soon together with his son; (the manager of the Forrest Theatre) who we hear is an eminent actor: and with such an encouragement, which it becomes us as citizens, wishing to see our own town flourish and enlightened with a Theatre and amusement of this kind you will all, each and every one, lend a helping hand, and I vouch that Mr. Roca will lend an attentive hand, if we but condescend to do what lays in our power, which I am sure an enlightened citizen or citizens, will refuse to do when called upon.

A CITIZEN.

MADAME GULIETTA GRISI.—A fatality appears to attend the matrimonial alliances of the female vocal corps, both English and continental. Letters from Paris to the London editors state that Madame Grisi and "the gentleman of moderate fortune," to whom she was married last Spring, have separated by mutual consent. It is also added, though we hope the report may prove unfounded, that, since her recent accouchement, she has lost her voice. The London Sunday Times, which gives us the above information, is in error as to the separation. The validity of the marriage having been called in question, upon which some property depended, a trial was had before a French legal tribunal, when it was decided that the marriage (which took place in England), was legal, and that the twain were man and wife to all intents and purposes.

Mr. E. Forrest, Mr. Rice, Mr. Macready, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, have been engaged to perform a limited number of nights at the Manchester theatre during the season, which commences 17th inst.

Mrs. Nisbett is at present delighting the good people of Edinburgh. On Thursday week she appeared as Lady Teazle, and attracted one of the largest audiences of the season.

Lord Waterford was on Friday fined five shillings at Marlborough-street office for being drunk the night before in Albemarle-street, and "kicking up a row." He at first refused to state his name, and exhibited some levity by laughing heartily at the oddness of his situation. He afterwards apologized for his seeming want of respect to magisterial dignity, and having paid the fine, departed. He said he had been dining at the Clarendon, and had drank more than was consistent with a due regard to sobriety.

Bell's Life, 18th Dec.

A MALTHUSIAN CAT.—In Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History, is contained the annexed anecdote of a cat, that we find in the London Literary Gazette:—

"We had ourselves a cat in the house which ought to have belonged to Mr. Malthus Her first litter of kittens was drowned except one, which she brought up. Of the next litter one was also preserved; but the cat had no desire to experience further the transports of maternal love; for, the first time she saw the servant standing by a pail of water, she brought the kitten in her mouth and laid it beside, looking up, as much as to say, 'put it in,' and from that time never would nurse it."

Dr. Channing says that "*the office of editor* is one of solemn responsibility, and the community should encourage the most gifted and virtuous men to assume it, by *liberally recompensing* their labor, and by according to them that freedom of thought and speech, without which no mind puts forth all its vigor, and which the highest minds rank among their dearest rights and blessings."

A Mississippi paper, published at Grand Gulf, hits one of its contemporaries the following poke under the fifth rib:—

We know not when we have met with a sentence more perfectly characteristic of the "Sublime and Beautiful" in writing, as defined by Edmund Burke, than the following, which we extract from the Port Gibson Correspondent:—

"The following Senators *has* resigned their seats *on* the Senate of the United States."

A printer in Pennsylvania complains of the "*abscateration*" of his workmen, in consequence of the good sleighing.

English Varieties.

From late English papers received at the office of the New York Spirit of the Times.

COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1837.

This clever little "booke" is full of "right merrie conceits," in prose and verse, happily adapted to every month of the year; the whole illustrated by George Cruikshank's engravings, every one of which speaks a whole history in itself. We borrow one story as a specimen of the literary merits of the work:—

THOMAS GARDENER TO SALLY COOK.

"I tak up my pen with much plessure to inform yew that i hav bean quite Mizzerabl evver sins i left my plase. Evvery think has gon rong from that day to this, i hav ad no Turnups to speek of in my gardin & no Peas in my mind. i offen thinks of the appy days we ust to spend, partickly our Soft tewsdys wen yew ust to tos up them nice apel friters wile the rest of the sirvents was obleigt to put up with nothink but plane pan caks without nayther apels nor sugger. O saly! i offen sets & thinks that luv is jest tike a friing pan & won's art like a pancak frizzling in the middl on it.

"I've nevver repentid leveing but onst and that's evver sins. But i wasent agoin to stand bean dun out of my perquizzits by masters pertending he ad a ites to cum iuto the gardin wennever he likt & get my peeches and necktrings, jest becaws it was hisn, and giv away my Cabidges and Lettises without so much as with your Leaf or by your Leaf, to say nothink about the rumpus he maid about them 2 or 3 graps & accusing me of Boneing the Bone mannure, & wors then al, eaping them 2 tun of coles on my hed wich i no moor stole em then yew did saly, & after turning me away on acount of the Coles wanting to Cokes me bak agen.

"Deer saly, my place hear is verry cumfuttabl, but i am verry uncumfuttabl in it on acount of my Bean in sich a tender pashun with Yew. O luv, luv! i am grew as thin as a lath and have found out wot it is not to hav cuk for a swete hart. Our under ous made is verry fond on me but wats the use of ous mades, won carnt heat brumes and skrubbin brushs. O saly saly! yew wood ardly no me i am as week as a kittin, I can seace andl my Spade & its al Hoeing to yew. i set ours & ours in the forsing ous doing nothing but thinking of yewr perty face, & i offen think ow appy we mite be with yewr 2 underd pound as yewr Grand muther left yew, & yewr 50 pound in the saveing bank, & my 5 pound as Jorge Hawl the squir's futman as is gone away ows me. We mite take a Publik ous, the Pig & wissle for instants, & get a gud bisnes & be as appy as the day is lung. Saly luv wat do yew say to me, let me no your mind, but rimmember wat i sed about the Publik is strikly Privet.

"Deer saly, I carnt abuse my noo mastr & missus, at least not at present, they ar uncommon kind to me & so is al the fammaly. The 2 former blungs to a Linean sowsiaty and to ear em tawk about Bottany is rely quite Transporting. We ad the annywal sho the uther day wich cunducktid in the most approvd maner namely giving prises to al the subskribers, wich givs gennaral sattisfaxion and advarnses siance. It tuk place in the town all on wensdy las: for Pinks Dailys and settera, on wich okashun master was brote in Furst mule, & missus Furst fireball, & i beg to announce in the veggyytibul line i was judged to be the Bigest cabbige head out of 40. The sowsiaty has dun a gud deal of gud hear abouts in regard of kichin gardn stuf, namely redishs so larg as not to be told from carots, & peas like Led bulits, boath wich is nothink in cumparryson of their turnups wich they hav at last sukseeded in growing em so big & ollow as is gud for nothink but little bys to make Jack a lantans off. The sowsiaty increses annywaly every ear, & oposishun is got to sich a hite as yew woodent bleav. The uther day 1 poor felow, Bean bete in his Carrots, axualy went ome & cut his Carrotid hartary. Annother grate advarntidge is the onnerrery members dining togather after the sho & eting up al the Best frute, by wich in Coarse they no wear to aply to annother time wen they want anny. The rest is sold to pay expences. Allso it is a werry gud thing for the markit gardners, anny 1 of woom by paying 2 shillin entrants & sending in a 5 shilin baskit of veggytibles stands a charnse of wining a ½ crown prise.

"For my own part i am Becuming quite bottannycle & no the lattin to evrythink. It wood sirprize my old butty James to ear me nocking the ard words about. Tel him with my best cumplyments he nose nothink. For instants Tel him a rose isent no sich thing but only a Pollyandrew, also by the same rule a Merrygold is nothink but a Merryandrew, and sow on of the rest. But studding Bottany doant Leav 1 much time for wurking in the gardn, & i am sory to say my things is luking verry bad, partickly my Dailys wich is groan quite Weekly, and my Melons cutting a verry Malonkoly apearance.

"Owevver i must cum to an end, so deer saly rimmember my cumplements to Jon butler, & Tummas futman, & Robbart cochman, & Deer saly doant Forget yourself. And saly, doant hav nothink to say to your noo Gardner, for betwene yew & me, as yew ust to say of cuks, gardners is no grate shaks. So doant nevver luv nobody but Me for deer saly my luv for yew is Hardy Peranual. So gud Boy my deer Gal—from your hafectionet "TUMMAS HOLLYOKE."

IMPORTANT NEWS:

"Prince Puckler Muskau has just taken up his residence in the island of Ithaca, the native country of Ulysses. He has purchased some hundred acres of land, and has procured laborers from Germany for the purpose of cultivating them."

Public Papers.

In the dearth of intelligence, Britons, hurra!
At last we have news of—Prince Puckler Muskau;
And now he grows *corn*, though a mere man of *straw*,
Once Europe reputed Prince Puckler Muskau.
If the smiles of your favor my diffidence thaw,
I'll pen some more rhymes about Puckler Muskau;
The man whose moustaches so struck me with awe,
When first in Hyde Park I saw Puckler Muskau.
With breast like a pigeon's well stuff'd in the maw,
As proud as a peacock moved Puckler Muskau;
And certain the glances of ladies to draw,
Were the dandy attractions of Puckler Muskau;
Through Mazourka or galopade, like a jack-daw,
When *hopping* for plaudits pranced Puckler Muskau;
And none e'er discovered a hole or a flaw
In the manners polite of Prince Puckler Muskau.
As gorgeous with many a royal gew-gaw—
Grand Crosses and orders—shone Puckler Muskau;
Exciting the hopes of some squabbity squaw,
Who wooed, for her daughters, Prince Puckler Muskau.
For a season, of fashion the soul and the law,
Inspired and laid down were by Puckler Muskau;
Yet many conjectured that just such a jaw
As erst Sampson wielded had Puckler Muskau,
Especially fair ones who've made a *faux-pas*,
That was *book'd*, and then publish'd by Puckler Muskau;
Although when sharp appetite happen'd to gnaw
The stays-shielded stomach of Puckler Muskau,
Those ladies had oft with a treat for the maw,
Presented ungrateful Prince Puckler Muskau;
But a dog half so impudent none ever saw,
As the prince of all puppies, Prince Puckler Muskau;
For pride and presumption were *je ne sais quoi*,
In the fop indescribable, Puckler Muskau:
And now having given a touch on the "raw,"
I take a last leave of Prince Puckler Muskau.

JIM CROWISM.

England has exported to America the brightest stars of her theatrical hemisphere, and the choicest productions of the choicest dramatic poets that ever wrote; and in return, America has sent us a filthy abortion of a song, with neither talent nor humor, entitled Jim Crow. The system of free trade in matters theatrical has indeed produced us very sorry returns.

Jim Crow is now sung in every nook and alley of the kingdom, from the aristocratic drawing-room of his Grace of Devonshire down to the hovels of the unwashed dustmen of Maiden-lane—for whom, by the bye, the song does not seem altogether unsuited; in fact, we may say that a Jim Crow mania has seized on all classes of the community; their eyes are now unable to see any beauty but in smutty faces, bow shins, splay feet, and lerk heels; and no humor but in the unmeaning chuckle and idiot grin of a senseless nigger. Jim Crow may do for America, but for England such trash is valueless. Talent is of no country, neither is folly; and were "Jim Crow" of English creation, we should have assuredly dealt as severely with it as we have now done with the bantling of the new world—perhaps more so, for we would have strangled it in its birth to prevent it begetting any more of its own species to offend the world's eye with their repulsive deformities. The circumstance of its being an exotic, the production of the pestilential marshes of backwood ignorance, has had no effect with us in giving our opinion. There is no concealing the fact, that Jim Crow owes its temporary triumph in this country to one of those lapses of human nature which sometimes occurs, when the senses run riot, and a sort of mental saturnalia takes place.

London Satirist.

A Fortune Hunter Baffled.—Mr. Day, of the firm of Day & Martin, whose fame is co-extensive with the English language, as the largest blacking manufacturers in the world, and whose establishment in London is more like a palace than a warehouse, recently deceased, leaving a fortune of about half a million pounds sterling. Mr. Claggitt, a young man of fashion about town, who had squandered three fortunes, one of which he wasted upon Madame Vestris, married his daughter in the hope of inheriting his father-in-law's property; but the old man knew the motives, and has left his daughter an annual revenue of $10,000, of which she has the entire control, and which reverts to others at her death.

LETTER TO THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND FELLOW PROTESTANTS,—I am for a row; fait and that's what I am. Kape your powder dry iviry moder's son of you, or it will be after getting wet. It is I, my darlints, that indistinguishable "spark" of the Protestant cause, Sir Harcourt Lees, that tells ye so wid my own beautiful meg.

Be sure now and not let that ould divil, the Pope, be after catching you aslape wid yir eyes open, or maybe he'll be "waking" you any how, jist as though you might be so many spalpeens of Catholics; kape a sharp look out, then, whin yir fast aslape, lest you should be convarted at once and altogether into nate skiliton rilics for Satan's own drawing room.

Be stiddy, boys, and let iviry broth of a lad among ye at once and "instantaneously" saze himself wid a mighty nice Irish shillelagh, and twirling it iligantly in his jontale fists, be riddy, wheniver I gives the word hubbaboo, to fight jist a trifle for "the cause" of love, whiskey, or fun. Niver's the day, sure, that a Paddy was dif to the swate sounds of a row; and, by my sowl, it is not nothing at all at all that'll ye have to fight for with gunpowder.

London Satirist. Yours, SIR HARCOURT LEES.

THE LEDGYTTYMUT DRAMMER.

A FEE-FAW-ILIAR HEPISTLE FROM THE GHOST OF OULD JACK RICHARDSON, THE SHOWMAN, TO THE HEDDYTER HOFF THE SATTYRUST.

"The play, the play's the thing."

I don't thinks has how that on hearth there's a creddytur
Wot's got hany claim against *me*, Muster Heddytur:
And therefore I hops these few lines from my ghost
You'll recaave with rispict, though I *ha'n't* paid the post!
'Twas wery soon arter the last Fair o' Bartlemy,
I met that ere hillness sufficient to startle me,
'Cause why—I'd a notion that stopping the breath
Was daily mere sport to the great Muster Death;
That Skellytun King wot has *bowels* for no man,
But *floors* at his pleasure the saint or the showman:
Yet I kept up my pluck, and behaved like a man,
When I saw I was book'd for his black carawan!
And though to the jaunt I was rather awerse,
And liked a *rehearsal* much more than his *hearse*,
I knew that the curtain must drop, and life's drammer
Be ended: 'cause why—I knows summut o' *grammer!*

The manidgment strange hoff the two patten houses
Has broken my *piece*—so my *spirit* harouses
To send you this *critic* about that ere matter,
A subjick wot's sartainly worthy hoff sattur.
Hard-biters hoff taste, and *dire-rectors* of fun,
The two Great *Lazees*, HOSBULLDISTON and BUNN,
Demand the few rhymes wot I'm proud to produce,
For they never purseeded from quill hoff a *goose*,
But one from *my* wing—so 'twill be quite a strange ill,
If you don't say as how that I writes like a *hangel!*
For I dates this here werse from *Hellysian* dominions,
With a *pin* wot I've taken from one o' my *pinions!*

Awake to all moves, I've the gumption to scan
'Twas hard lines for BUNN when he lost *Mealy-bran!*
And a judge hoff hattraction I have not to learn, he
Will ne'er crown his *hops* by his *dancer* DUWERNAY;
And if he would take the hadwice of his *crony*,
Without loss o' time he'll bring 'bout TAGGLIONY:
Then, to meet hev'ry *hop-stick-ill* hoff this ere crysis,
'Twould *not* be amiss if he lower'd his prices:
High charges last season his purse had so shaken,
'Tis said that the *Jewess* alone saved his *bacon!*
But 'tis long since his haudyence were troubled with squeeges,
And, sartain, he can't *take the town* by his *Sieges.*
I knows I could have neither comfort *nor* rest,
If I tried to *cut down* the great Muster FORREST;
And, b'lieve me, I'm much too good natured a spirit,
To say that a Yankee ha'n't no kind o' merit:
No; Bunn, wheresomdever his hactors he picks,
Has a kumpany *strong* as—the "bundle hoff *sticks!*"
There's bluff buffer BARTLEY, with more flesh than bones,
Wot tortures the hear with *hermoffrodite* tones;
When jolly *Jack Falstaff* he puts on the rack,
And merits the *bag* when he calls for his *sack!*
When *Richard* was lately perform'd, it was shown
Bunn's *Booth* did not take quite so well as *my own;*
But how can a manager hop to haspire,
Wot can't raise a ghost in a flame hoff blue fire?
With COOPER and WARDE, and Miss HUDDART, no doubt,
The Drammer at Drury will ne'er be snuff'd out;
Though in *hacting* it cannot *come-pit* with "the Garden,"
Until a gould sov'ring we give for a farden!
In Hop'ra, howiver, by mighty Happollo!
(Hold! a ghost must not *swear*,) Bunn has won the race hollor.
Yet sad is his case, for I'm sure I don't err, if
I say that he can't *catch* the folks by his SHERIFF:
In vain to hattract he engages Miss ROMER,
Who's married, and therefore that name's a *miss*-nomer,
I likes fine hard words, and you see, Muster SAT, in
A case hoff hemargince I coats my dog Latin!
But Bunn, with his TEMPLETONS, BULFES, and JEW-BILLIES,
Much puzzled to gather in grist for his mill is;
And if things go on *thus*, I'm afraid that poor BUNN
Will be soon, like his sinnycure Treasurer—*Dunn!*
But, Muster, mayhap that my *werse* grows so *prosy*
As makes your good readers both stupid and dozey:
Next week Common Garden (till then let the matter rest)
Shall furnish a toe-pick for *you*, Muster SYTTYRUST:
Meanwhile, to the theme till again I come back,
I ham your most humble, THE GHOST OF OULD JACK.

Hellyisian Fields, 1 o'clock, P. M. (*Post-mortem*, as we
say in the *Greek*) 31st Nov., 1836.

Satirist.

AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

Count Meric d'Argenteau, a noted Paris *roue* and duellist, has married the daughter of an innkeeper at Constantinople. The affair has made a great noise in that city, and furnished a subject for the correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, who thus describes the manner in which it came to pass:—

"Such of your readers as have been at Constantinople will probably remember the Hotel de l'Europe, and they will, doubtless, at the same time (particularly such as are bachelors) remember what induced them to put up there; certainly it could not have been the spurious quality of the wines, still less the comfortless state of its ruined apartments. If they speak the truth, they must own there was metal far more attractive in the shape of the innkeeper's daughter, to whose jet black eyes and voluptuous form (undeniable vouchers of her Andalusian descent) not only theirs but the princely heart of the Sultan Mahmoud himself was compelled to yield at discretion. After these admissions, it will be unnecessary to tax the memory of these gentlemen any further, simply because it is a hundred to one they have nothing further to confess. Fortunately for herself, as for the benefit of the Hotel de l'Europe, to the fascinations I have described, she united all the virtuous intrepidity which we read of in a Pamella, and which in her case was destined as a signal reward. Into this house did his stars conduct our *Lothario*, and week after week did he put up with its bad beds and worse champagne, for the sake of the Houri, who made the one, and the Hebe who poured out the other. On the other hand, this was just the sort of customer that suited *Boniface*, who, strong in the faith of his daughter's virtue, no less than in her attractions, was continually urging her to give full scope to the former. He had not calculated that she might have a game of her own to play, and might possibly think that fate had reserved for her a better lot than that of a perpetual bait to his dingy old trap of a hotel. Great, therefore, was his consternation upon discovering one fine morning, that not only had she decamped with the count, but that her youngest sister had done the same thing with one of his friends. He immediately raised a hue and cry, and in the course of the next day the fugitives were detected in a house at Galata, and brought back to him.—But this by no means satisfied our host, who, having taken advice on the subject, was decidedly of opinion that he was entitled to damages with them. He accordingly waited on the Count, and armed to the teeth, demanded instant reparation for the dishonor inflicted on his house. But the former laughed at his loaded pistols, and set his threats at defiance. Just as much respect did he show to the commands of the Spanish minister, who deeming the national honour compromised in that of the only family which could lay claim to his protection at Constantinople, repaired to him in person, and charged him in the name of her majesty, the Queen of Spain and the Indies, to give the satisfaction required of him. The count, in reply, charged him in the name of the same august personage, to leave his house immediately, or his own honor would certainly suffer from the application of his foot to the seat of it. But that which he refused to menace and compulsion, he yielded to a softer influence. Damages he declined giving, probably because he was conscious there was no foundation for them, but he made a tender of his hand; and as some doubts were raised as to the legality of such a marriage in his own country, he bound himself under heavy pecuniary penalties to preserve it inviolate. To complete this strange eventful history, his *fidus Achates*, a young French merchant, who had shown his sympathy by running away with the younger sister, gave a sill more striking proof of this devotion, by leading her to the hymenial altar on the same day that witnessed the happiness of his friend. The whole party are now on their way to Europe, and will, doubtless, create no small sensation on their arrival."

THE LATE JOHN RICHARDSON,

The "penny showman," as he commonly called himself, was very eccentric, and had a caustic humor which, if it did not amount to wit, at least resembled it. Gouffe (the man-monkey), was originally seen in a public-house, by Vale, the low comedian, who got him engaged at the Surrey Theatre; there, as it is well known, he produced a great effect, and drew a vast deal of money. Soon after this Mr. V. was enjoying himself, witnessing the funiments of Bartholomew fair, and particularly amused by a monkey; up came "old Jack Richardson."—"Ha! *Muster Wale*," he said, "I'm blessed if you and *hall* the hother bould speakers hof the Surrey houghten't to go on your blessed knees, and give a pennorth of nuts to every blessed monkey in this fair; for I'm blessed if a monkey an't put nuts in your mouths for the last two months."

When at St. Alban's fair, an actor, formerly at the Coburg, named A——, offered his services. "Ha! Muster," said ould Jack, "I remember you well, you was a bould speaker, and no mistake, but I can't give you more nor 30s. a week. This was a fortune, and, of course, the offer was accepted. On closing the terms, Mr. R. said, "Come along, muster, and have a half a *pinter*"—(thus he always described a half-pint of porter, the only quantity of fluid he ever ordered). After a considerable number of half "pinters," Mr. A. "drew" the manager of a few shillings on account, and then went off to the booth, where he paraded for a considerable period; at last, feeling that he was getting his money and his half "pinters" for nothing, he stepped forward, and, in the voice of a Stentor, enunciated "Walk up, walk up; the players, the players; the only booth in the fair." In about five minutes "ould Jack" came running up to the booth, and said, "Where is that blessed bould speaker, I must give him five 'bob' (shillings) more a week, for I'm blessed if I didn't hear him at the bridge?"

Kean, it is well known, was once one of his actors; when Macready came out, some one asked who he was? "Some wagabone as no one knows," said R., "he an't had no eddication for the thing; he waun't never with me as Muster Kean and them reglars was."

Richardson was ambitious of praise in the journals, and a certain penny-a-liner found favor in his sight by inserting some encomiums upon his performances at Greenwich, and for these he generally drew upon R.'s generosity for certain crowns, half-crowns, &c. His demands at length grew too importunate, and R. declined complying; the "literary gentleman" now brought R. a paragraph, saying that the place was one of "pleasant and reputable amusement," with the threat that if half-a-sovereign were not then and there forthcoming, he should insert it with the syllable "*dis*" before the words "reputable" and "pleasant." R. paid the money; the paragraph never appeared, and "ould Jack" inveighed to his latest moment against "that there hatrocious wagabond what hedits the *Times;*" for, by a strange perversion, he could not imagine any article, or paragraph, without associating it with the leading journal.

Sunday Times.

"Has Fanny Kemble brought any establishment with her?" inquired Beazley of Tom Cooke. "I can't say," replied the facetious agitator of feline intestines, "But as she has not brought her *Butler* with her, I suppose she has come unattended by her *suite* (*sweet*)." The knight of the trowel thought this a *litter* bad joke.

At the recent marriage of King Otho of Greece, the putting on of the rings was announced by a salvo of 22 guns. We presume that the Royal pair were married according to the *cannon* law. A grand *ball* was given in the evening, and as 22 balls had been given in the morning, the whole thing must have gone off in the most animated manner.

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset were conversing the other morning on the subject of their youthful games. The Duke observed that when a boy he was very fond of gymnastic exercises. The Duchess ridiculed the idea, and declared from her own experience since her marriage, she could take upon herself to say, that so far from his succeeding in bodily sports, he would never be able to *make a Somerset.*

Mrs Jane Grffiths, the mother-in-law of Mr. Ducrow, of the Amphitheatre, who resided near Mount Pleasant, at Liverpool, met with her death on Wednesday week, in consequence of her clothes taking fire. A coroner's inquest was held on her body, and a verdict of "Accidental death" returned.

A correspondent asks how it is that Mr. Hill, whose impersonation of the Yankee Pedler, gave so much satisfaction at Drury-lane, has not appeared in a new part? The question might, with much more chance of explanation, be put to the manager, in whose councils we pretend not to be; but, in the present dearth of comic talent at this theatre, we should have supposed that an actor of Mr. Hill's power would have been considered as a very decided acquisition to the company.

Satirist.

The Milan Gazette publishes the prospectus of a monument, proposed to be erected by subscription, to the memory of Madame Malibran. It is to be executed by Marchesi.

One of the most distinguished female singers of Germany, Mdlle. Sabine Heinfetter, who has already established her reputation by her singing in the part of Desdemona, in "Otello," has just entered into an engagement with the proprietor of the Scala at Milan. It is said she is to receive 1000 Italian livres for every appearance she makes on that stage.

Mrs. Butler (late Miss Fanny Kemble) and her infant, accompanied by a female servant, arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, from New York, in the packet ship South America. Mrs. Butler was met on her arrival by her father, Mr. C. Kemble, and took up her residence at the Adelphi Hotel.

Mr. Hughes, the oboe player, of many years' standing, died on Sunday in Manchester. He was seized with a fit of apoplexy on Saturday, while in the orchestra of the Manchester theatre, during the monodramatic performances of Miss Kelly.

NAPOLEON.—The following incident has been related to us by on officer, late in his Majesty's service, who was a passenger by the Claudine, from Madras. It shows the reverence still entertained for Napoleon's memory by the French:—"When we anchored at St. Helena, a large French man-of-war was lying in the roads, which had just arrived from Rio Janeiro. The whole of the officers and crew, in full dress, marched to the tomb, permission having been previously given by the governor. Each individual carried either flowers or painted feathers as his offering. On arriving at the tomb, the whole body prostrated themselves on the ground, uttering the most extravagant prayers to the dead hero, and on their departure hung on the iron railings their simple ornaments. The strangers' book was filed with their names, and the purport of their visit was '*Pour rendre homage.*'"

ELOPEMENT.—On Monday evening last, a young lady, possessing considerable personal and pecuniary attractions, who has been for a short time with her parents on a visit to this town, attended the ball at the Assembly-rooms, and danced with a gentleman to whom she was casually introduced; on the following morning it was discovered that she had decamped with her partner. The fugitives were pursued by the father of the young lady to Newport, in Monmouthshire, which place they had just left for London, where all traces of them were lost.

Cheltenham Free Press.

SHARP WHIST.—It was a crowded ball. I was dancing busily, and how my companions employed themselves never occasioned me a thought. At last, supper was whispered to be on the tapis. I had quietly slipped away from the set to be in readiness, when I stumbled upon a snug whist table, in an unfrequented corner; and there I discovered my gallant friends actively engaged.—The unhappy men were partners. They had, moreover, been delivered into the hands of the dowager and Mrs. P——, an antiquated customer. Both ladies were notorious for extraordinary luck, and a fortunate arrangement of always cutting together. It was further believed that both were given to the good old rule of winning, honestly if they could—but winning. It was evident at first sight that the soldiers were no match for the gentlewomen. The rubber game was on the point of being decided just as we reached the table—the soldiers had it by honors, but by a barefaced revoke, that would have been detected by any one but the buzzards they were playing with, the ladies gained the point required, and had their claim allowed. "Supper is served," said Mrs. P. with a satisfactory grin; "had we not better stop, Lady L——?" The gentlemen simultaneously popped their hands into the pockets of their nether garments. "In how much have I the honor to be your ladyship's debtor?" inquired the Colonel, with a gracious smile. Mrs. P. instantly mumbled, with the rapidity of a bar-maid; "Ten points—three rubbers—only nine guineas." The Colonel started and stared. "Nine devils—I mean guineas," exclaimed the sub, in awful consternation.

LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "What is the distinction between law and equity courts?"—"Very little in the end," replied his lordship; they only differ so far as *time* is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charitably effective; the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, and the other laudanum."

A "LIGHT" BUSINESS.—A bill exhibited at a shop-window in Drury-lane, near Princess-street, informs us that there is "A large workshop to let, admirably adapted for a printer, an undertaker, or any *other light business.*"

Something Like a Bull.—Dean Swift says that "He never knew any man *rise* to eminence who *lay* in bed of a morning."

The Duke of Devonshire is said to be so much taken with the American's representation of Jim *Crow*, that, as a memento of the actor's genius, he has ordered a figure to be modelled after life, to be placed among the curiosities at Chatsworth. We presume in the *rookery*.

"How are turtles caught, I wonder?" asked St. Alban's of the Duchess. "Much in the same way that women are," rejoined her Grace. "How is that?" inquired the Duke, with an eye of penetrating curiosity. "By turning them on their backs, to be sure." His Grace would have pushed the matter further had he not been commanded in an authoritative tone to be silent.

We observe a work published, called "The Ladies' Cabinet Lawyer," which treats of "the peculiar rights of women, unmarried wives or widows." A Lady's Cabinet Lawyer in reality, a character explaining personally the peculiar rights of the sex, might probably be a desirable piece of furniture in some noble establishments. The doctor, however, is generally the privileged personage, and we suspect that he would resist the intrusion of the lawyer. We hope that this attempt "to caper nimbly in a lady's chamber" does not proceed from our venerable friend Wetherell. We trust that his morals are not becoming as loose as his rusty indescribables.

Di Novo is said to have engaged the attention of the Duchess of Cannizzaro, in the first place, more by his style of *driving* than by his vocal acquirements. He has the reputation of being one of the best whips in Europe.

Dunboyne, on hearing that a countryman of his had been returning thanks at a Conservative festival, on the occasion of his health being drunk, delivered himself thus:—"By Jasus! I wish, instead of rethurning thanks for his health, the spalpeen had rethurned the pair of blue striped throusers I lent him to go to Coürt in. By the blood o' the Butlers, a man in these times might lend his frind the shoes off his fate, if he happen to have none on, and git no thanks for it at all at all." Dun himself is a meuntain of gratitude!

The will of old Day has not given satisfaction to all the hungry expectants; especially his bequest of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds for the erection of a Blind Asylum. The encouragement, however, given to Claggett in the shape of a thousand pounds for every child that may be born, has rather pleased him, and entertained his friends. On its being alluded to by Castlereagh to Vestris, the former observed, that at present he understood there was no family, but that there were expectations of one. "I should think so," remarked the widow; "I always thought that Claggett would behave *quite like a gentleman* in all matters."

"I have," remarked Lady Norbury to a passing inquiry, "been laid up." "In *ordinary*, I presume," rejoined Mademoiselle D'Este, in a tone of irony which produced a visible effect on the purple-tinged Anglo-Roman ornament of the *face*-tious Countess.

"You make yourself, I fear, a great deal too *cheap*," remarked Mrs. Leicester Stanhope to Mrs. Blackwood. "There you mistake, my dear," rejoined she of the raven tresses, "for through good and evil report I have been enabled triumphantly to maintain my *price*." The *double* of this Mrs. Stanhope affected not to understand.

Lord and Lady Chelsea passed a portion of their honeymoon at *Nice*—a very fitting place, it must be admitted, at which to revel during the early days of matrimonial bliss.

An old gentleman of upwards of three score years was brought before the magistrates last week for entering, by mistake, the bed of a young lady who lodged in the same house. The veteran's defence was ingenious—"The fact is," said he, "my key fits her lock, and by that means I went into her room quite by mistake." The young lady, however, thought it not very fitting to find such a bedfellow, and consigned him to a station house. She added that her lock had been picked, and entrance gained by means of a skeleton key, which was quite unbearable for a young woman.

The Duke of Devonshire has in his possession the identical rosary used by Henry VIII. This was, we presume, before the tyrant quarrelled with the Pope. Henry, though he killed most of his wives, and beheaded a good many of his friends, told his beads regularly, and was a remarkably devotional sort of character.

The Hon. Mr Norton is likely to come into a large amount of property, by virtue of the will of the late Miss Vaughan. This lucky event will doubtless console the Hon. gentleman for the bad success of his late speculation in crim. con.

Earl Fitzwilliam has subscribed £300 towards the erection of a new infant school at Malton. When the building is finished, the parties interested cannot do better than request Sir John Sebright to "contribute" a few infants to help to fill it.

Who wants a Place?—A gentleman in Pawtucket advertises for "a servant of middle-sized character, large hands, and small appetite." This gentleman is supposed to be a near relation of the lady who keeps a boarding-house in Mobile, and advertises for "a few young men boarders of moderate appetite, and *not over particular*;" and to another lady in Nantucket, who offers economic board to "young men of moderate means, quiet habits, early hours, no followers, and good digestion for *any thing at hand*."
London Sunday Times.

A Windfall.—A man, named Mackintosh, a journeyman tailor, living at No. 5, Vere-street, Clare-market, who contrived by invincible industry for many years to support a numerous family, was during the past week agreeably surprised by the information, that a relative, who recently died in the West-Indies, *had left him 15,000l.*

The Separation.—A considerable degree of excitement was occasioned in the quiet town of Chepstow on Monday, by a warrant being issued against a lady of gay and elegant appearance, residing at Mount Pleasant, on a charge of felony. The person who keeps the house denied that the fair one resided there; but the officers after watching for 24 hours, were ungallant enough to take advantage of an opportunity of entering the house, and forced their way into the lady's bed-room, regardless of her being in bed, and with the greatest minuteness searched every corner of the chamber, their scrutiny being rewarded by the discovery of a quantity of gentlemen's wearing apparel, quite new, and several diamonds and other rings, and jewelry of all sorts, concealed on the top of the bed. The officers carried off their prize, lady and all, to the great dismay of an elderly gentleman, who felt most acutely the painful separation, which was not greatly relieved by the presence of his lawful wife, who had been actually waiting the whole night with the officers, in order to see her frail lord and master, and withdraw him from the fascinations of his "sweet Susan." It appears that during the Gloucester races the lady had taken up her abode at the Bell Inn, where the temptation of carrying off the property found in her possession, and which has been identified by Mrs. Marsh as hers, was too great to withstand. She has been conducted to the ancient city of Gloucester, there to pay a visit to the worthy mayor. She was dressed with great splendour.
Hereford Journal.

Uncurlable Curls.—Amongst the patents lately expired, there is one by a peruke-maker, which is thus described in the specification:—"For a forsenic wig, the curls whereof are constructed on a principle to supersede the necessity of frizzing, curling, or using hard pomatum, and for forming curls in *a way not to be uncurled;* and also for the *tails* of the wigs, not to require tying in dressing; and further, *the impossibility of any person untying them.*"
The Penny Mechanic.

Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchmen of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning before the Lieutenant of Police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business and profession. "I am a poet, Sir," said Piron. "Oh, oh! a poet are you?" said the magistrate. "Well, well, I have a brother who is a poet." "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

Private Theatricals.—On Monday, the *Handsome Husband* and *Perfection* were performed at the residence of Vice-Admiral Fleeming, at Sheerness. The principal characters were very ably supported by Miss Fleeming, Mrs. W. T. Smith, the Hon. R. F. Greville, and Capt. H. Smith, R. N., to the high gratification of a large party invited to witness the performance; the evening was finished with a ball.

Miss F. Stanley, of the St. James's Theatre, died on Tuesday evening, after a short illness, aged only 17. She was a highly talented young lady, and exceedingly useful; for her study was quick, and she has frequently undertaken parts of a great length, at a day's notice: her death is deeply lamented by all who knew her, but by none more so than Mr. and Mrs. Braham, who were exceedingly attentive and kind to her during her indisposition.

On Wednesday last the town-crier of Wolverhampton went through the principal streets, announcing that a temperance society meeting would be held at the public-office; and then, after repeating the customary tintinnabulary warning to attend, proclaimed that "prime old ale" was selling at a respectable inn in the town, at 5d. per quart. This curious collocation of "bane and antidote" created considerable amusement.

A man of the name of Richardson was brought before Mr. Norton, the Magistrate of Lambeth-street, for having refused to maintain his wife; the man said his wife had deceived him, that she had represented herself as worth a good deal of money, although she had none; that he had only married her as a matter of business, and that he could not now support her. Mr. Norton said "he had never known marriage to be made a matter of business before." In this we think Mr. Norton must have spoken incorrectly; surely he cannot have forgotten that a short time back, a certain party attempted to make his marriage quite a "matter of business," and a pretty business he succeeded in making of it; if he has forgotten it, this will serve as a refresher.

Colman, when Licenser, was in the habit of giving to his master, the Chamberlain, a report upon every drama that passed through his hands. These reports the Duke of Devonshire, when Lord Chamberlain, had bound up, and preserved in his library as a specimen of the off-hand wit of his facetious deputy. We suspect that the present Chamberlain will not be put to so much expense in the way of binding up the "witty" reports of *his* deputy, Charles Kemble, whose innate dulness makes us wonder how the devil he got ensconced in such a snug birth.

Collins, the singer of Covent-garden theatre, is almost a rival for Anderson for quarrelsomeness, if not pugnacity. He managed to get into a "row" with Wallack, the stage manager, on Wednesday evening, and being threatened with a "knock-down" blow, the valiant vocalist appealed to the audience!—excellent judges truly of such a quarrel. Last season, he contrived to rouse the ire of Haynes, who was compelled to make a similar threat, as the only means of quelling his organ of combativeness.

Duvernay was asked the other day whether she had really the claims of "mamma," in relation to a rumored "pledge of love," the result of a certain indiscreet *liaison*. The fair *danseuse*, naturally anxious to evade an acknowledgment, replied hastily, with an excusable forgetfulness of her present single blessedness, "No, I am what you call de *step*-moder."

Lady Holland was dilating very prosily, the other evening, on her own excellencies as a wife, when his lordship peevishly and sententiously responded, "A good woman, my dear, like wood wine, needs no bush." Tom Moore, who happened to be there tuft-hunting, rather drily observed, that he did not think the "bush" any detriment.

Billiard Smith, whose extreme length compels him, when engaged in a cosy tete-a-tete with Mrs. Thwaites, to thrust his legs two or three yards up the chimney, was somewhat perplexed the other day on being told by the "widder" that the late Mr. Thwaites, when he fell in love with her, was quite a man of business, and that she never liked "long" courtships. The billiard man thought it a *cue*-rious remark.

Lord Erskine once represented a wife as like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail. Granby Calcroft says he does not think so, and that "he would defy the world to tie any woman, wife or otherwise, to *his* tail."

The "inimitable" Jim Crow is still honored with numerous and even fashionable visitors. The Duke of Devonshire, if the journals are to be relied on, was not satisfied with a first visit, but came again and again, each time more delighted with the portrayal of nigger peculiarities than before. Nobody, we believe, disputes the refined taste of the duke, and consequently Mr. Rice, under such refined auspices, promises to become a popular personage indeed. "Jim Crow" is, we hear, sung with tumultuous applause every evening at Devonshire House, and there is already some talk of bringing out the dingy hero at the Opera next season. In the meantime sable "Jim" is whistled by every dirty boy in the metropolis, which is certainly a rare addition to his notoriety. Mr. Rice, if he has done nothing else, has supplied the public with a new song, which cannot be surpassed for silliness, and thrives exactly in that proportion.

Kelly, on his elevation to the Mayoralty, intimated his intention to bespeak something at our national theatres. The civic courtiers wondered what entertainment would be honored by his Lordship's choice, and were not a little surprised when he named "The Turnpike Gate." Doubtless the remembrance of his famous attempt to cheat the turnpike man, an account of which appeared in the papers about a year or two ago, influenced Lord Kelly in his selection.

Duke Charlie of Brunswick was asked whether travelling per balloon was not rather wearisome and fatiguing. "Oh yes," quoth the Duke, "at one time I was *ready to drop*." The Duke, by the way, wholly attributes the accident that occurred to Mrs. Graham, who, he says, had evidently a "drop too much."

When Kelly, the new Lord Mayor, was consulted about his dinner on the 9th of November, he was strongly advised to have *stewed eels* and *fried soles*. "To be sure I will," said the cockney despot, "I will have not only *stewed eels* and *fried soles* but egad, I'll have some boiled *upper leathers*." Hobler was severely *welted* for not seeing the force of this witticism.

Sir Claudius Hunter is a decided opponent to the Temperance Society, and something has occurred during the past week, which has completely satisfied him as to the iniquity of such a body. An inquest was held on a poor creature, whose death was caused by water on the brain. Of course Sir Claudius can only imagine that water gets to the brain by being taken in at the mouth, and consequently he is perfectly horrified at finding such a melancholy result. He has filled up his well, and locked the pump-handle, to save the lives of his servants.

A Bridegroom Thief.—One day last week a couple were proceeding towards a church at Chichester, when the bridegroom having prevailed upon his intended to hand him over the ring and wedding fees, under pretence of returning for something he had forgot, decamped with the money, as well as with a leg of mutton, which had been provided for the wedding feast.

A Particular Direction.—A few months ago, a letter, bearing the following curious superscription, was put into the post-office in Manchester:—"For Mr. Colwell that Keeps the Shop in Back Anderson strate to Bee Gave to Jack Timlen that Keeks the pigs in his own Seller in Back Anderson strate the Irish man that has the large family that bgs the male from Mr. Colwell and milk to Bolton."

A Sea Bull.—An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waister, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrail. After rousing in 40 or 50 fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow. It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the arm or leg it'll lave me at last. What! more of it yet! Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the officers of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, Sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it."

Elopement.—On Monday last two sisters, daughters of a gentleman in Merionethshire, who were on a visit in the neighborhood of the town of Wolverhampton, eloped from thence in a carriage and-four with two gentlemen, said to be officers in the army, who had been seen about several times during the week, and who were on the day preceding at the New Hotel, one of them disguised as a sailor. In a few hours pursuit was made after the fugitives, who were supposed to have gone for Scotland, as far as Newcastle-under-Lyne, when it was found to be ineffectual.

A fatality appears to attend the matrimonial alliances of the female vocal corps, both native and foreign. Letters from Paris state that Madame Grisi and "the gentleman of modern fortune," to whom she was married last spring, have separated by mutual consent. It is also added, though we hope the report may prove unfounded, that, since her recent accouchement, she has lost her voice.

American Varieties.

Curling.—The New York Express, while announcing a challenge given by the Quebec Curling Club to the Curling Club of Montreal, for a match at Curling, to be had on the St. Lawrence on the 10th instant, asks—"What is *Curling?*"

Curling is a Scotch game, a favorite one on the frozen lochs and rivers of Scotland, and no doubt introduced by the numerous emigrants to the Canadas from the land of cakes. It was formerly a familiar game in this city. The late Mr. John Fleming, a native of Scotland, and long a highly respected resident of Wilmington, introduced it here: and for more than a quarter of a century, as surely as, in the round of time, the month of January with its icy fetters returned, he, with his friend and countryman, Mr. W. Keay, challenged the country round to a match at their national game on the Barley Mill-dam, a beautiful sheet of water about a mile from Wilmington. Here Mr. Keay had his barley mill, in which he kept his curling stones, which were regularly produced in prime order on every advent of the curling season. The spot itself, from its somewhat wild and secluded character, and beautiful scenery, might well have called up some recollections of the lakes of their own country. Being sheltered by the surrounding hills, the still water freezes early and so smoothly, as to present a surface as polished and shining as a mirror. Here too was, and still is, the favorite resort of the skaters of the town. The celebrated Hamilton Rowan, during his exile from Ireland, had his cottage near the barley mill, and would be seen in former days, partaking with his Scotch neighbors in their national amusement, or joining the skaters and displaying his powerful and majestic figure in that graceful sport. But to the question—"What is curling?" A straight line of about forty yards is drawn upon the ice, where it is perfectly smooth, and a circle of three or four feet in diameter is described at each end of the line. The players take their stations as they do in quoits, two of different sides, if there are four playing, at each end of the line, and each player provided with a pair of curling stones. The stones are about twenty pounds in weight, round, except the bottom, which is flat and very smooth, of about ten inches in diameter. An iron handle in the centre of the top, enables the player to propel the smooth stone along the ice, an act requiring considerable muscular exertion. The point of the game is to carry the stone within the circle at the opposite end of the line, and as near to the centre as the skill of the player will enable him to place it. And this is *curling*, which *anglice*, means—sliding on the ice.
Wilmington (Delaware) State Gazette.

"The Last Touch."—Two very pretty girls went trippingly through Broadway a few days since, and by the neatness and new style of their dress, attracted universal observation.—The young damsels, though scarcely in their teens, walked the more briskly with "les yeux baisses"—the more the eyes of others fell on them. 'Twas clear, however, that woman-like, they were not wholly unconscious that they were performing a role on the great theatre of our city promenade, which would for the moment at least, place them on the list of *distinguees*, which propably they were innocently aiming at, and in this case very successfully, for we've rarely seen costume or forms more to our taste. They were neither too tall or slender—habited in close blue silks, with frills at the shoulders, and below them puffs, and their narrow sleeves, as is now the mode. Little wee wee hats of black—while each graceful, little arm, for they were both attired precisely alike, was thrust cunningly into the *tiny* muff they carried before. This and all the rest corresponded exactly to the *diminuendo* style of fashion, which the lady-world, to use Fanny Kemble's idiom, are now "cottoning to," in preference to the mammoth pattern, upon which most of the articles of dress have hitherto been modelled.
Star.

A Righteous Verdict.—In the Court of Common Pleas on Friday, a lad named John T. Little obtained a verdict of $460 damages against a person named John R. Whittlesey, who had set a dog on him, by which he was very badly bitten. Mr. W. did not act from malice or anger, but set his dog on the boy merely for sport. He has, however, paid dearly for his whistle.
Sun. News.

Scene in New Orleans.—It fell to my lot to be witness, this morning, to a most horrid murder and suicide. On crossing Dauphine street at half-past eleven, I heard a French female screaming in the front parlor of a frame house, and a man swearing in Spanish.—Three or four colored women and some boys were listening at the door, whilst two colored men had seized a white man in a narrow passage leading from the street to the back of the house. I followed them and soon found that the white man had just inflicted two wounds in his left side,—he fell senseless to the ground. We picked him up, and took him into the back parlor, when suddenly a colored woman made her appearance crying out murder. The wretched man had killed his *Petronella*, a fine quarterone, thirty years of age or thereabouts. I instantly left the assassin and went into the front parlor, in which I found the woman lying on the floor, bleeding profusely from her left breast, and speechless. With the help of three or four colored people we placed her on a bed, and sent for medical assistance and the police. On returning to the back parlor I perceived the man on the floor gave some signs of life. In reply to several questions I put to him in Spanish, he replied that he could not help what he had done, and most sincerely repented of it. He begged the Almighty to forgive him. In the meantime a surgeon arrived, examined Petronella's wounds, and found her a corpse. He then proceeded to examine those of the man, and pronounced them mortal. I was so terrified at the horrid spectacle before me, that I instantly left the room. I have since learned that the name of the man is Pedro Garces, a native of Spain, (a catalon) and one of the employes of the first municipality; he was living in the French style, with the unfortunate Petronella, one of the *courtisannes* of the low *quartier Francais*, the very same woman with whom the Count of *Montezuma*, a Mexican emigrant who resided at New Orleans, and the last of the race of the Indian emperor Montezuma—fell in love three months ago, and on whose account, shot himself in a fit of jealousy. It is believed that the same cause led Pedro to commit murder and suicide.
Correspondent of N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

A Horse in Boots.—This is truly and emphatically the age of inventions and innovations. Gentlemen not only sport for capes; but horses, yes, horses, are driven to market with boots on. Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun," but Solomon never saw a horse in boots! A gentleman driving from Baskahegan a few days since with a horse, found the crust of the snow so hard as to lacerate his legs. The moment he observed it he dismounted, and led his horse back to a blacksmith's shop, where he obtained two pairs of old boot legs,—had the horse's shoes taken off, the boot legs drawn on, the lower extremities of which he doubled under the horse's feet, and had the shoes re-set. Thus accoutred he proceeded on his journey to the infinite delight of the old horse, who pricked up his ears, and pranced off in his Suwarrows like a two year old colt.
Bangor Daily Post.

A new idea.—A recent medical work has made its appearance in Paris, which declares there are but two kind of diseases in the world, viz.:—*one that kills you, and the other that don't.*

The Emancipator contains the following letter, furnished for publication by the gentleman to whom it was directed:—

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 20, 1836.

Mr. Lewis Tappan, New-York:

Dear Sir—Having heard that you are making a collection of natural curiosities for the benefit of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I beg leave to present to that honorable body the enclosed specimen of negroes' ears, that belong to the above named state. With all respect,

I am yours, &c., Thomas Oglethorpe.

The New-York Sun contains the following paragraph:—

"*The Bostonians.*—A late French writer says that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen, polite, courteous, and lovers of Frogs, and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the City with these animals."

Although we admit there are many *toad eaters here*, we deny that the pond on the Common is kept for their use entirely.
Boston Post.

The Dunstable Telegraph has a new reading of an old British poet. Instead of

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temples shines afar."

He has it—

"Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb
A new slushed top-mast in the Summer time."

Kenebec Journal.

The "new reading" is misquoted, and erroneously attributed. The *travestie* was Joe Haynes's, the facetious editor of the "Swallow's Cove Gazette," published at Nahant, in the summer of '34. The original version is:

"Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb
Up a slushed topmast in the summer time."

There is great force and expression in that little preposition *up*, which is totally lost by the substitution of the feeble adjective *new*, which does not convey the idea of the author, who knew, by long experience, that it was much harder to climb an *old* topmast, well saturated with the unctious skimmings of the camboose, than accomplish the feat on a new stick, with splinters and crevices to support the nails. Copyists should never take liberties with the text of the author. Shakspeare has suffered immeasurably by such corruptions.
Boston Transcript.

Speedy Post Communication.—The *Chicago American* thus congratulates its readers upon an anticipated early arrival of the mails:—"Postscript.—Highly Important.—By a *foot* passenger from the south, we learn that the long-expected mail may be looked for in the course of *next week*."

New Cure for the Tooth-ache.—It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers that we are in possession of one of the greatest desiderata in the whole materia medica. We do not speak unadvisedly, for we have tried it upon our own masticators, and those of our family, and some half dozen of our friends, and we are, therefore, enabled to speak with confidence and safety. The recipe is as follows:—Take a lump of unslaked lime, about the size of a hickory nut, and dissolve or slake it in two-thirds or three-quarters of a tumbler of water. Hold the lime-water in the mouth, contiguous to the aching tooth, and certain relief will ensue. We never knew it to fail. If the relief is not permanent, repeat the application as often as the pain returns. If the pain is stubborn, and refuses to yield, the lime-water may be made thicker and stronger.
N. Y. Ev. Post.

We *have* seen a man stand a ladder up in the middle of the street without its being supported by anything, and after ascending it, draw it up after him, but have not seen the subject of the following undoubted fact:—A Mr. *Foot*, a pious tract pedlar in Connecticut, was possessed of so large an understanding, *i. e.*, he had so large feet, that he had to pull his pantaloons on over his head.

A Dancing Whale.—The Albany Argus announces that a Mr. *Whale* has opened a dancing school at Stanwix Hall. He must be an adept in the art, for we know of no animal that hops about more nimbly than a "fish out of water."

Good Advice.—The Boston Herald gives the following advice, which no doubt will be truly appreciated by those who test it:—Fish bones should be boiled some time, if you are in the habit of swallowing them.

To avoid taking cold by washing yourself, you can take off your skin and give it a good rinsing, and then put it on again. To render this process more easy, observe the nonchalence with which an eel allows himself to be stripped.

To cure an unfortunate attachment, put a large blister plaster upon the left breast, which will draw out the tender passion as clean as a whistle.

Two men in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied that he was never whipped but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth. "I believe then," retorted the other, "the truth was whipt out of you, for you have never spoken it since."

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of the United States Gazette.

Sir—On coming to your city of Brotherly Love by the Southern boat, a few days ago, with my family, I was disappointed at three of your largest hotels in not getting accommodation. In turning on my heel, after my last refusal, heartily wishing the New-York Astor House was transported here, my arm was caught by an Eastern friend, who told me that if my family would be satisfied with genuine comfort, without the excitement necessarily attendant on the bustle of a large establishment, he would take me to a house where they would fully enjoy it. I assented, and went to the *American House*, in South-sixth-street, kept by Mr. R. G. Herring, where, having been agreeably disappointed, I cannot refrain from troubling you with this communication, as I feel it due in return for the attentions we received. My daughters were fidgetty at first from the monotony of the quiet rooms—they wished for the spirit-stirring gaiety of Broadway, or the Avenue in Washington, and sighed to be off; however, repose was necessary for some part of the family, and on their becoming acquainted with Mrs. Herring, they felt at home, and, I assure you, regret that they have to leave. From my own observation, I will say that the accommodations and decorum observed, recommend the establishment especially to the patronage of the public. The rooms are numerous, private, spacious and airy, and admirably adapted to private families. While it presents all the comforts of a public-house, those who wish to be retired, can enjoy that privacy which their own homes would afford.

Mr. Herring has established a ladies' ordinary, and two for gentlemen: his tables are spread with all the luxuries that the markets afford, and unlike most ordinaries, the strictest decorum is preserved, which gives his public entertainments the air of a private party.

This city presents but few public-houses where gentlemen, when business obliges them to take their meals from home, can be accommodated so much to their satisfaction. It is a praiseworthy experiment, conducted with great spirit and enterprise, and only requires to be generally known to be extensively patronised.

I thank my friend for the introduction, as he had come under circumstances similar to those which brought me here. So long as the house is conducted in its present manner, it will have the patronage of my friends, and a circle of acquaintance who may have occasion to visit, or pass through this city. M. F.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1837.

A LEADING ARTICLE.

"York, your'e wanted!"

Nothing has happened or will happen this week worthy of a paragraph, merely because we happen to be *minus* a good subject upon which to found an editorial article having no reference to the green-room or race course. "Blood and thunder, Mrs. Spifflikins!" Here's a pretty pickle we're in. But no matter; it's nothing when you get used to it, as Mr. Bang said when he skinned his eels. A leading article *must* be perpetrated, and "it takes us" to do that thing—so "here goes, hit or miss, dam'me!"

What *shall* we say? Dear reader, we hardly know how, much less on what to address you. Our leisure and poor abilities have been so directed to other themes for the past year, that somehow or other we have promiscuously forgotten *the way* in which, in times past, we were wont to excite your risibilities, or provoke your good nature into a smile. The Devil is already at our elbow—i. e., the printer's devil—beseeching, nay, imperatively demanding "copy," and that too on the edge of the evening after we have hunted up three pedigrees—walked two miles to see a horse—answered five letters—wrote a column of odds and ends—showed the lions of the town to three strangers—made a call on "the Girls Up-town"—blowed up an infernal omnibus driver—picked up a lost child—made out bills, (in less time than they will be paid,)—bought a rifle for Arkansas—ordered a keg of oysters for Vermont—brought up our forthcoming List of Winning Horses—worked two hours on the Index of the present volume, and, in fact, done a little of everything, save screaming "fire!" doing military duty, or serving on a Jury. "*Any copy, Sir, yet?*" There he goes again; what *shall* we say? True, we *can* pen a half column of the ruminations in which we have been indulging for the last five minutes over the smooth, unspotted quire of foolscap now before us, and sooth to say, though we say it that should not say it, yet must say it if 'tis said, for fear some one else will say it—little better presents itself at this precise moment on which to base our leading article.

No felicitous experiments have been made during the week past in the delightful art of scientific blood-letting, with Bowie knife lancets, or double-edged dirks, and it is not considered quite genteel to be found on a raw cold morning suspended stark and stiff by a handkerchief to a high-post bedstead, or hung up like a defunct calf in the market to cool, or a wet great-coat to dry, upon a hook in the entry. The water is too cold just now for people to jump into the dock, with a big stone in each pocket; besides, it reminds one of, and gives one's conscience a twinge for drowning kittens when a boy, by clapping a brickbat into one of grand-mamma's long stockings, into which are thrust, very unceremoniously, "in childhood's hour," some three or four of the little anonymous, deaf dumb and blind catterwaulers, or unwashed grimalkins in embryo. Blowing out one's brains is a practice "more honored in the breach than the observance" by the select few who make any pretensions to the possession of that rare commodity, while the majority have voted such a quietus not only unpleasant, and shocking to the feelings, but positively vulgar; of course the practice has *exploded*, and people anxious to "shuffle off this mortal coil," instead of relieving themselves with a pistol of a fancied superfluity of brains, now take laudnaum, or get mad and die, like a loafer in Bridewell, which those who have experimented that way consider to be vastly pleasanter than being drowned in a pipe of gin, or like "ripe strawberries, smothered in cream."

The Fire Department is so well organized since Mr. Engineer GULICK was elected Register, that not a decent fire has been seen, and strangers are obliged to visit Hannington's Dioramas to see an "Awful Conflagration." Things have come to a pretty pass if we 300,000 New Yorkers cannot show as big a fire as other folks.

No doubt the hackney coachmen of Gotham were born scamps, and predestined to become rude and loafing varlets, but somehow they always contrive to let a person off with life, though they "make no bones" of breaking one's legs, back, or head, or putting shoulders out of joint. If they would only do the clean thing—if they would do the job nately, as Paddy O'Linn said of his cow, when she kicked over the milk-pail *and his wife*, then we should have an opportunity of demolishing them out and out. However, we must succumb—"needs must when the devil drives."

Now and then, as Ackerley, for instance, some miserable wretch takes the crick-in-the neck the natural way; but such are isolated cases. An upstart, however, not unfrequently is reduced to his proper level in society by receiving on his "dome of thought" a brick or two, dislodged from the roof of a six story house. Of course such an occurrence is a capital theme for the penny-a-liners. Occasionally, as good luck (for these gentry) will have it, a stone or club is thrown at the head of some ill-starred wight, whose scull—provided he is not a disciple or Graham, or a believer in Goward's sanity—is invariably cracked, but owing to his Honor the Recorder, and Old Hayes, such provocations to quill-driving are speedily used up, for the culprit is forthwith despatched to Blackwell's Island, to do "the State some service," by acquiring the art or mystery of getting out stone.

Within the last few months, the belligerent editors of the daily press have intermitted their whilom "custom of the afternoon," of caning and pulling one another's ugly noses, and taken to swearing and calling hard names. Somebody, for fear the good old fashion will grow obsolete, flogs Bennett occasionally, and then the Grand Jury indict him for creating a disturbance, letting the aggressor off scot free for his antiquarian prejudices relative to the freedom of opinion and the press. If the Star would come to the scratch, or the Journal of Commerce show fight, we should entertain confident anticipations of a shooting affair. The Courier stands upon its dignity, and the Express upon its reserved rights, and though both occasionally boil over with the plenitude of their wrath, like the courage of Bob Acres, it "oozes out at their fingers' ends." Coffee for one, and pistols for two, is not the *order* of the day at Hoboken, and the fact that "a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it," is daily exemplified. We have kept a bright look out for something interesting in the broad sheets of our contemporaries, and though we occasionally find "sermons in *Stone's*," there are no "books" in the editorials of the "running *Brooks*."

Mr. Van Amburgh daily enters the cages of the lions, tigers, leopards and jaguars, at the Zoological Institute, but contrives to come out with whole bones and the usual number of legs and arms, (the vulgar prejudice running in favor of two each,) to the great disappointment of the industrious reporters, who with pencil and paper in hand, always attend in the expectation of entertaining their ten thousand readers with the long-expected, but sudden catastrophe of Van Amburg's sudden exit from this world, from having his head snapped off by a ferocious tiger or enfuriated lion—a matter of some concern to Mr. Van Amburgh, though it would be probably considered a capital thing by the reporters aforesaid and "a devilish good joke" among "the Laughing Hyenas."

"Life in Washington," was wont to be at this season an attractive feature in the papers of the Atlantic cities. How well we recollect the palmy days when we were enabled to give our readers enchanting descriptions of the balls, the soirees and the levees at Washington, where the chivalry of the present age did homage to the charms of congregated belles from the remotest recesses and snow-clad hills of the North, to the savannas of Florida, and the verdant prairies of the West. How many "Court beauties" were described who might have set for Lord Herbert's beautiful portraiture of *la belle* Hamilton, whose "figure varied itself into every grace that can belong either to rest or motion." And then we used to have an occasianal mee[illegible] at Bladensburg, where wolfish members of Congress had their honor app[illegible] by "a bullet lodged in the thorax," and forty other equally pleasant and a[illegible]able divertisements.

At this season, last year, Broadway used to be alive with crowds of the fairer portion of creation, in dresses rivaling the gorgeous colors of the forest "when the melancholy days had come, the saddest of the year," and with hats scarcely less brilliant than the iris of the morning's sun, who fluttered with a butterfly's joyousness and innocence past our windows, distracting our staid cogitations, but giving a livelier leap to our blood, and causing us to bless our stars that we were born in a land of so much loveliness and beauty, and that we were yet—unmarried.

The bachelor's balls that we used to have, and the romps, the flirtations, the "offers" and the refusals, of which they were the occasion, are now remembered among the thousand scenes of "Life in New-York" that have passed, which were wont to enliven the present and be hailed as fortunate omens of the future.

Modern composers, and the leaders of orchestras, make it a point to hurry the time of the last few bars in a piece of music, so as to give, what in their opinion is an increased effect to the finale. Were we to adopt the expedient of the knights of the quaver and crotchet, it might be said of us that we were prompted so to do, not so much to give eclat to the closing paragraph of our "leading article," as because, like Marryatt's Job Fox, we could not help it. Such, however, is not our case, for having arrived at a climax, by enumerating what *should* have taken place, to enable us to treat our readers to something novel or interesting, we shall conclude our sermonizing essay with a few practical remarks and observations derived from a foreign contemporary by way of anti-climax, showing *why* people are born, married, or hung—*why* horses run away—*why* boilers burst, and cars run off the track—*why* poets spoil paper—*why* office-holders are turned out—*why* Congress sits—*why* the mails miscarry—*why* cabbages grow to an enormous bulk——*why* vessels are shipwrecked, and so on, arriving as we do, at length, at the plain *why, and because* of every thing in the world below, the heavens above, or the waters under the earth, leaving the reader transfixed with wonder and astonishment, and as wise as he was at the beginning of this article, with fruitful cause to reflect upon the instability of things in general, and of editors in particular, while he has left the consoling consciousness of "what a long tail our cat's got."

"A celebrated engineer discovered that the use of great rivers was to supply navigable canals. Not less certain is it to us that the mighty stream of human events rolls on its appointed course, for the purpose of supplying newspapers with matter. Nothing is more wonderful than the dispensations for filling the columns of the journals. We are fed like the young ravens, and have only to open our maws and receive the necessary nutriment. Whenever there is a vacuum in a newspaper, the actions of men or of nature itself are shaped to fill up the void. There was a time when men imagined themselves to be governed by the stars; they have now to know that the incidents of their lives are carved out for the wants of the newspapers. A young couple marry. Why? Not for the reasons they suppose, of love or money, but to make a line in the newspapers under the head of marriages. A child born. Was it wanted in the world?—see Malthus—no; but it makes a line in the newspapers. Folks die, and their heirs are so blinded by their tears as not to see that the dispensation is for the obituary. What is the cause of the tides? Newton could not see beyond his nose—the tides flow to fill up that single line of high water at London bridge, about which the Times and Chronicle very properly make it a point of principle to differ.

Of old, crime was attributed to the immediate instigation of the devil. The phenomenon of crime is, however, in truth, referrable to some vacancy in a newspaper department. As the air rushes into a rarified atmosphere, so the actions of men rush into the vacuum of newspaper columns. Men are like straws and cork floating on the stream of events that fill news. The thief at the gallows cannot understand why he should be hanged—poor wretch, he does not see that his life has been shaped through all its stages of crime for the wants of the newspapers. Police reports, Old Bailey Sessions, and the interesting articles of executions, have their subjects. Napoleon prated of his destiny, and wanted to extinguish the press, for which he was made, like a comet to feed the sun. Juvenal had some glimpses of these great truths when he wrote the passage on Hannibal in his tenth satire:—

> ——— I demeus et saevus curre per Alpas,
> Et pueris placcas, et declamatio fias.

"Why does a turnip in the field of Mr. John Dobson, of Stoke-Staggeral, in the parish of Lutoncum-Peverel, in Wilts, grow to the measurement of 42 inches in the waist, and weigh 14 lbs.? Why has Mr. Calcraft, in his garden, at Rempstone, a cucumber of 30 inches long, and an onion 40 inches in circumference; and to what is to be attributed the aggrandizement of pumpkins? Why, that they may take their place in the newspapers in the dead season. Why are kittens born with five legs, and any number of heads? Why are there never any partridges? Why are the young birds every year either killed by the drought or by rains? Why was there never any wall fruit? Why have they always been cut off in the bud by the east winds in the spring? What provocation have the dogs to go out of their winds, and why are their noses therefore put in muzzles, by the advice of the best public instructors? Why do the omnibusses race, and why do the cads baste their passengers? Why did the old lady die of starvation, vibrating in the omnibusses from Paddington to the Bank, her destination being midway, and she having been shamefully carried on in omnibus after omnibus, first all the way to Paddington, then back again all the way to the bank, and then back again all the way to Paddington, and so oscillating till she was reduced to a skeleton, and miserably perished of famine? Why do all these things come to pass, and myriads of the like, but to feed newspapers in the dead season? By such occurrences, a few earthquakes, and a handful of revolutions, a hurricane or two, or a dozen or two of murders, the dead season is made a time prolific in wonders. Take any one newspaper, and observe the number and variety of actions and events that constitute its subjects. What crimes men commit, that the newspapers may be supplied with matter—what dreadful accidents occur for the same reason. Bearing these great truths in mind, people ought to be doubly careful in every step and proceeding during the season when broken necks, fires, robberies, murders, &c., are much wanted by the newspapers. Misfortunes that would happen no other time will happen now.—A horse that never kicked, or got the rein under his tail and run away before, will kick, and get the rein under his tail, and run away during the dead season, for he is possessed of an instinct for the good of the newspapers. A vacant place in the newspapers also causes many a coach to upset, and turning the corner of a newspaper column, old women out of number run over. Wonderfully are we made! crimes and casualties run through our columns like blood through the veins.

KEEN WIT IN THE WOODS.—An unsophisticated brute of a husband, ("N. of Arkansas" writes us,) called his wife *a barren*. "No wonder," replied she, "since I sleep with a *barrow!*"

The Albion of last Saturday contained one of the most superb engravings ever issued with a periodical publication in this country, being a view of the *New Houses of Parliament*, engraved by Dick, from the London copy. The Albion itself is entirely at the head of its class, as an elegant repository of current belles-lettres. The good taste of its amiable editor is every where acknowledged, and the immense patronage bestowed upon his work is the best evidence of its appreciation.

A "stupid" having a lot of *pistareens* (twenty cent pieces formerly) by him, at the time they were going out of the market, was told that if he did not get rid of them soon, they wouldn't be worth a cent, having already depreciated in value some 30 per cent., whereupon the yokel accosted a Yankee pedlar and purchased a dozen bass wood pocket-combs, paying him in pennies with the pistareens intermixed. Said he, "I rather guess I stuck him a leetle, for I slipped a pistareen between every two cents, and the fellow never minded it!"

American Hotel.—It will be seen from a card in our advertising columns, that this fashionable hotel has recently undergone several alterations and improvements, in anticipation of the arrival of its old friends and patrons from the South and West, who will find it more adapted to their convenience and comfort than ever. Under the popular management of its present proprietor, "The American" has attained a degree of character for the tastefulness and elegance of its accommodations, unsurpassed by any establishment in the country.

The way a Yankee Clock gets SARVED OUT *in Arkansas.*—Our correspondent "N." writes, that an old fellow living seven or eight miles from Batesville, who has a grist of *tow head boys*, who never were half a mile from home, except in the woods, bought a clock. It was delivered and put over the fire-place while the boys were out in the woods. When they came in they found the clock going "*tick*—tick;"—the old folks were out, and nobody left to explain the mystery. Says Bill to Sam, "Look at that ar thing—it is guine to hurt us." Says Sam, "Let's go and git rocks and pelt her." Out they went, and gathered hats and pockets full, and the way they did make a smash of her was sinful. The old man came home at length, and *warmed their jackets* sorter like the give-holliday—-three-times-a-year—-got-drunk-once-a-week—-old-field-schoolmaster's used to walk into me.

"*Aunt Joice.*"—The Boston Daily Herald states that the fellow who got up and carried on so successfully the *Joice Heth* humbug, acknowledges, that he purchased the old negro, who was a little more than eighty years of age, and procured the certificates, &c., of her extreme longevity, all for $1000, and that, after having properly instructed her in her lesson, he was so completely successful in passing her off for twice the age she was, that he realized from the speculation a clear profit of $13,000 before she died. The author of the humbug laughed right heartily at the bold, though successful efforts of his imposition, and said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

☞ The Sixth and present volume of this paper will be completed after the publication of one more number, making 416 pages, when a new volume will be commenced. We allude to the fact at this time to remind *Clerks of Courses* who have not already forwarded reports of their races, to do so at once. We have given before some pretty strong hints upon this topic, but this is "the last time of asking." Gentlemen, whose horses have figured upon the turf during the past season, with credit to themselves and profit to their owners, no doubt will feel some anxiety that their performances should be recorded. On the 18th of February, the Spirit of the Times will contain a *List of American Winning Horses*, Four Mile heats, during the year 1836, which will be succeeded in subsequent numbers by the winners at 3, 2, and 1 miles. To embody in a single volume of this paper a complete *American Racing Calendar* for the current year has been our constant aim; how far we have accomplished our object, we leave to the judgment of our readers. Since the present volume commenced, (20th Feb., 1836,) we have had a special reporter constantly in the remote Southern and Western States, attending the different race meetings, and in the early part of the Summer we despatched another through the Middle States, who has visited one course after another until he has arrived at Charleston, S. C. We have said thus much to demonstrate to those whose good opinion we endeavor to merit, that no exertion or expense has been spared by us to render the Spirit of the Times worthy of their acceptance, so far as its character as a Racing Calendar is concerned, and also that no blame may attach to us should the performances of their horses be omitted in making up our forthcoming List of Winners during the past year. The last meeting of the Columbus (Ga.) Jockey Club, during which *Miss Medley* won two races, one of 4 miles, is the only meeting of particular importance which has not been reported. When we have copied a report from that magazine full credit has universally been given to it, and *not a single race run during the year past has been published in the* "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER" *that cannot be found in the columns* of The Spirit of the Times. We take great pleasure in paying a merited compliment on this score to the editors of the Turf Register, who, to their honor be it said, are scrupulous in giving credit to this paper for whatever article or articles they have thought proper to quote,—an example which several publications pretending to some character as sporting journals, have neither had the honesty, the courtesy, or the courage to imitate.

How far is it to the Dukes Stand?

Having thus "said our say" in the premises, we once more request the Secretaries of the different Clubs, whose races have not been published, to send them to our address, as otherwise, if blame attaches to any one, we are determined to come in for no share of it.

Matches at St. Francisville, La.—Mr. BOYLES, the proprietor, announces in the Louisiana journals, that on the 14th of Jan. a match was to come off over the St. Francisville Course, between Samuel McNeely's *Mary Longford* and Robt. Cammack's Mare, for $500 a-side, one mile out. On the 16th of Jan. a match over the same course was to be run between *John Beasley* and *Arbaces*, two mile heats, for $2000 a-side, when great sport was expected.

In another column will be found a report of the sale of a very extensive stud of Horses, from Bell's Life in London. It will be seen that JOHN BOARDMAN, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., whose letters from England to the editor of this paper have given such general satisfaction, was the purchaser of five brood mares, and we learn he is also the purchaser of Lord Berner's *Comus*—the winner of 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights. If he arrives in safety, "Berner's Comus," (as he is designated, to distinguish him from Comus, his sire,) will stand at the Huntsville race track, at $80 and $100. *Consol* stands at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, at his old price.

Col. JAMES J. PITTMAN, of Marianna, Florida, being about to withdraw from the turf, offers for sale his entire stock of blood horses, including Francis Marion, American Citizen, Mary Doubleday, Maria Kendall, (alias Sophia Smith,) and a number of brood mares and colts.

Col. CROWELL, of Augusta, has sold *Bill Austin* to Mr. MYERS, of Columbia, S. C., for $2000, who will probably stand him at Newberry C. H. at $50.

MATCH FOR $5000—HINDA *vs.* RICHARD OF YORK.—Our special correspondent writes that a match for $5000 a-side, Three mile heats, has been concluded between Col. OSMAN CLAIBORNE's *Hinda*, (late Susan Yandell,) and Capt. Y. N. OLIVER's *Richard of York*, to come off over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, during the month of March ensuing.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

By the Express mail of yesterday, we received from our special correspondent the following report of the annual meeting on the Lafayette Course, at Augusta, from which it will be seen that our prediction is again verified, *Bay Maria* having been "toasted as the winner on the 4 mile day." We annex

THE OFFICERS OF THE CLUB FOR 1837.

JOHN PHINIZY, ESQ., PRESIDENT.

1st Vice Pres't., Col. PAUL FITZSIMMONS.	*2d V. P.*, Dr. JOHN G. MCWHORTER.
Timer, JOHN G. WINTER, Esq.	*Treasurer*, Col. J. H. TOWNES.
Judge, Gen. VALENTINE WALKER	*Secretary*, JOHN J. BYRD. Esq.

The weather was damp and intensely cold during the meeting, notwithstanding which the races were well attended, and went off with eclat.

FIRST DAY, Jan. 24, 1837.—Colts Sweepstakes; sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.—90 and 87lbs.; 4 subs.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Kitty Heath*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 89lbs. (2lbs. extra)	3	1	1
Townes & Smith's b. f. *Leannah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster,	1	2	2
G. Edmonson's ch. f. *Ione*, by John Richards, dam by Expedition	2	dis.	

Time, 1:54—1:54—1:58.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $1000; ent. $25. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. m. *Bay Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs. 109 lbs	1	1
Capt. James J. Harrison's gr. m. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 99lbs	2	2

Time, 8.09—8:00. Track very heavy.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $600; ent. $20. Three mile heats. [In consequence of a heavy fall of *snow* the preceding night, the races were for one day postponed.]

Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. *Lath*, by Godolphin, out of Pocahontas, 3 yrs. 90lbs	1	1
Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's gr. c. *Kite*, by Bullock's Muckle john, out of Eliza Splotch, 3 yrs. 90lbs	2	2
Townes & Smith's b. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 99lbs	3	dis.

Time, 6:10—6:15. Track fetlock deep.

Col. HAMPTON after the race was offered $7000 for the winner, which he refused. Lath is a splendid colt, of fine action and uncommon promise.

Immediately after the main race came off a match for $100, one mile out, which was easily won by Gen. Thomas' Sir Charles filly *Susan Johnson*, in 1:53; her competitor, oddly enough, is omitted by our correspondent.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $400. Ent. $15. Two mile heats.

Capt. James J. Harrison's b. c. *Southerner*, by Bullock's Muckle-john, out of Am. Citizen's dam, by Harwood, 3 yrs. 90lbs	1	1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. h. *Vertumnus*, by Eclipse, out of Empress, by Defiance, 5 yrs. 112 lbs	2	2

Time, 4:0—4:13. Vertumnus the favorite, 2 to 1; Southerner won with something to spare in hand. Track still heavy.

Same Day.—Purse $400. Ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. James. J. Harrison's s. m. *Eliza Hicks*, by Timoleon, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs. 109 lbs.	1	1	1
M. L. Hammond's b. h. *Alric*, by Jackson, out of Sciotte, 4 yrs. 102 lbs	2	2	2
Townes and Smith's b. f. *Leannah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs. 87 lbs	3	dist.	

Time, 1:57—1:57—2:0. Track heavy.

DESTRUCTION OF FOXES.—While the sportsmen of England are husbanding "these varmint" with such care, as the source of the finest sport they have, we perceive by the official report to the Massachusetts Legislature, that no less than 3270 of them have been destroyed within that State under the bounty law, since April 4, 1835. In addition to this, there was killed a small sprinkling of wild cats, (14 in number,) and one bear, for all of which was paid $1710 out of the Treasury—the bounty on foxes being 20 cents a head, and $5 a piece for the other animals.

Star.

Match for $5000 aside. Scarlet vs. Birmingham.

MOBILE AGAINST MOBILE.—The account of the races at Columbia, inserted in our paper to-day, minds us to say a word about the two Mobile stables! One of them, Col. VANCE JOHNSON'S, it will be recollected, won every day at the races over the Mobile Course, in November last—and the other, P. B. STARKE'S won every day, we learn, at the recent races in Montgomery, and on the four mile day at Benton, on which occasion *Birmingham*, (the only horse of the stable which ran at the latter races) took the prize from *Red Maria* and one other horse. Immediately after this race, the friends of the two Mobile stables, not being entirely of the same opinion about the merits of each, made up a match between Colonel Johnson's chesnut horse *Scarlet*, who beat the celebrated horse *Lauderdale*, at St. Francisville, last Spring, three mile heats, and running the first heat in the extraordinary time of 5:45—and P. B. Starke's brown horse *Birmingham*, who has run only two races this season, each four mile heats, in both of which he was the winner, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, four mile heats, to come off on the first Monday in April next, over the Mobile Course—the day previous to the Spring Races over the said Course. Then there will be sport.

Mobile Mercantile Advertiser.

☞ We have received a report of the three last day's racing at Benton (referred to above) from our special correspondent; but the letter containing the result of the two first days has miscarried. No doubt it will turn up after taking a trip to the Springs, and Niagara, via Texas and the Oregon Territory.

THE TURF NOT DEGENERATED.

When we refer to the brilliant achievements of those now and lately at the head of the English turf—to Priam, Rowton, Camarine, the Queen of Trumps, Horsea, Touchstone, Bay Middleton, Elis, Venison, &c., or to those at the head of our own turf, Fanny Wyatt, John Bascomb, Post Boy, Atalanta, Mingo, Rodolph, &c., we conclude there has been little or no degeneracy on either side of the Atlantic. That there are just as good horses *now* as at any former period. When, until the two exploits by the daughters of Sir Charles, have three year old fillies beat the best horses, in the meridian of their fame, *four mile heats?* John Bascomb is probably as good a race-horse as Leviathan, Gallatin, Florizel, Sir Archy, Timoleon, or Eclipse. There is no cause to doubt that Priam, Rowton, and Camarine were as good, at any distance, as Childers, Eclipse, or Matchem. Lucetta was beat by Priam, at even weights, giving her a year; she ran to the Duke's stand, on the Beacon Course, in seven minutes, *nearly* the time of Flying Childers.+ The Queen and Bay Middleton are regarded as much superior to Lucetta. Fleur de Lis, Camarine, and others, that were nearly contemporary, were also her superior. When four miles, or four mile heats have been run, there has been no falling off in bottom, as was exemplified by Skylark. Those of the present day have shewn as much endurance as at any former period. Elis performed greatly the last and present year, at two and three years old. Venison this year has won twelve or more races, some of them three and four miles, since the Derby, in which he was beat. Camarine, at three and four years old, won seventeen successive prizes. Lucetta was twenty seven times a winner. Longwaist also won twenty-seven prizes, most of them cups. Marksman, of seventy-four races, won forty-four plates, winning at eighteen years old! Such achievements, too, as Euphrates and Jocko's have rarely been equalled.

If horses rarely run over the Beacon Course, or in races of four mile heats, owing to the change of the fashion to running at two and three years old, and at short distances, with heavy weights, instead of waiting until five and six as formerly, it does not follow that they are not as stout and of as good game as at any former period. The English Sporting Magazine has expressed the belief "that whatever Flying Childers did bona fide do, could be done by Sultan, Priam, or Margrave, provided they were not trained until five or six years old." American Eclipse was probably indebted for his fame that he run but one race as a colt, and then in "the autumn he was four years old, at which age Sir Archy retired from the Turf, having filled up the measure of his glory."

Turf Register for February, 1837.

+ not by a dead sight

Four furlongs to the Duke's Stand

TURF PROSPECTS.

From the period of the match between Eclipse and Henry, whose extraordinary performance demonstrated the purity of their lineage, the greatly increased interest taken in the concerns of the turf has been auspicious of its success.

Within thirteen years its amusements have been extended upon the American continent, along the Atlantic states, from New York to Louisiana; and from the Ocean to the territory bounding upon the Mississippi, the Lakes, and the St. Lawrence; and from New Orleans to Quebec, several thousand miles apart.

This has enhanced the value of our thorough-bred stock; to aid enquiry, several periodicals have been established; the English Stud Book has been re-published, with an American supplement, and a complete American Stud Book* is about to issue from the press.

Every breeder will hereafter be able to judge for himself upon the value of *blood, native and foreign*; and the same scientific principles that have regulated breeding in England will be observed in this country—for success will repay its care and expense.

Gentlemen of the first respectability, for character, for station, talents, and wealth, have patronized the American turf, extensive studs of the best blood have been formed, and horses of the first celebrity imported. Priam, Rowton, Zinganee, and Glencoe were pre-eminent in England. Besides the Derby and St. Leger winners, Priam, Lapdog, St. Giles, Barefoot, Rowton, and Margrave, not a few of scarce less renown have also been imported during the last ten years, such as Cetus, Chateau Margaux, Tranby, Serab, Leviathan, Luzborough, Fylde, Non Plus, Trustee, Consol, Shakspeare, second in the Derby, and perhaps a few more. Many mares too, distinguished for blood and achievements, have been likewise imported—Clara Howard, the produce of one of them by imported Barefoot. Sir Archy, the best stallion ever known in America, it will be recollected was by imported Diomed, out of imported Castianira. A foal in Virginia, by Langar, out of My Lady, is believed to be brother to Jereed, a leading favorite for the Derby and St. Leger.

From such importations a distinct class will be doubtless raised; and the question be shortly settled whether the English be superior to the native bred horse; the produce of English mares by English horses, or by American bred horses out of the American mares, as descended from Medley, Shark, Diomed, Citizen, &c., or whether the mixture of blood may not improve both classes. When horses of "the true Prunella sort" are constantly arriving upon our shores, an improvement of our racing stock can scarce be doubted, with the greater attention given to *blood, and breeding from the most judicious crosses.* We all know that the stoutest and best horses in England are descended from the judicious union of the Herod, Eclipse, and Matchem blood; crossed with each other and with Snap, descended from Flying Childers, the most prized stock was produced. It is also known that many of the best horses *now* in England are descended from Diomed and Buzzard, that were imported into Virginia between thirty and forty years ago. From their union of blood John Bascomb is descended, as well as Elis, winner of this year's St. Leger.

The experiments in breeding, and the greater number of races now run in this country and Canada, will probably bring upon the turf *many more* fine horses, if not superior to the best of them, than at any former period. The great stakes, too, the winning of which will be a little fortune to any American citizen, will develope the powers of the best horses. To rear such colts as are likely to bear off the palm, greater care will be given to breeding, to avoid all spurious blood as well as to breed from the best, and no attention spared in bringing them up.

When to these circumstances it is adverted that every breeder will be able to pursue the scientific mode of breeding so long adopted in England, it can scarce be doubted that a day of unexampled brilliancy is about to shed its radiance upon the American turf.

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* The Stud Book referred to is the one for which Breeders have recorded the pedigrees of their stock in the Spirit of the Times, the editors having offered to transfer into its pages all pedigrees given in this paper.—*Ed. Sp. T.*

SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.

We have seen rifle shooting in our time, and heard of shots that really *beat all natur.* We have read of the bent barrel of Munchausen, which from being too slightly curved, took off only the legs of the birds that were sitting on the other side of a hill. In an extract from a late English paper, we see an account of Yankee prowess no ways discreditable to a Western marksman; but we can record a fact which occurred in the town of New London, in Ralls county, which seems equally improbable, but for the truth of which we are ready to vouch, upon the testimony of a score. At a shooting match recently held in the town of New London, one of the marksmen raised his piece to his eye, and having drawn aim, pulled the trigger, at that instant a large pointer dog ran in between the rifleman and the target, and within a few feet of the latter. The ball, true to its aim, struck the dog, entered his hip, came out at his flank, and *actually won the money.* The dog escaped, and is now perfectly well, and a slight scar will probably be to him the only memento of his peril.

However, that ain't a priming to a story we have heard often, as having happened to a gentleman in this county. He was one day hunting with his rifle, when he saw a deer at the distance of probably one hundred yards, he raised his piece and fired, and the ball rebounded and fell within a few feet of the spot from which he fired. He went to the place, and found that his bullet had passed through the bodies of two deer, only one of which he had seen, struck an oak tree, and then had been repelled. The ball, as could be seen from the impression, had struck a knot in the oak, which it was unable to penetrate. These facts will go far to throw some doubt on the general belief of the inferiority of the rifle to the musket, as far as distance is concerned; a popular opinion which has been rebutted by a writer in a recent number of the Turf Register. L.

Marion, (Missouri,) Journal.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.—A London newspaper speaking of this scribbler in petticoats, who wishes to reform society on the principles of utility and Fanny Wrightism, says Miss Martineau has returned to England from America, where she went to get married. She did not make *a hit*, and has come back *a Miss* accordingly.

English Sporting Intelligence.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

The racing studs of R. Turner, Esq., and of his brother, W. Turner, Esq., M. P. (both of whom, we are sorry to find, are withdrawing from the Turf,) were sold by Mr. Lucas, at Newton, on Monday, as follows:—

THE PROPERTY OF MR. ROBERT TURNER.	Guineas
Caifacaratadaddera, by Walton, dam by Pipator—covered by Olympus. [Bought by Mr. Beaver.]	16
The Nun, by Blacklock, dam by Whisker—covered by Recovery. [Mr. Tattersall]	60
Miss Golborne, by Lottery, out of the Nun. [Mr. John Boardman]	45
Bay Filly, 3 yrs. by Olympus—Caifacaratadaddera. [Mr. Boardman]	25
Chesnut Filly, 3 yrs., by Peter Lely—Clinton's d. [Mr. Boardman]	45
Bay Colt, 1 yr., by Olympus, out of Brenda; engaged in a Produce stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., at Manchester, 1838—allowed 3 lb. [Mr. Beaver]	25
Brown Filly, 2 yrs., by Filho, out of the Nun. [Mr. Boardman]	60
Brown Filly, by Olympus, out of Clinton's dam (foaled the 5th of February); engaged in a Produce stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., at Newton, 1839 [Mr. G. Clarke]	16
Chesnut Filly, by Recovery, out of the Nun (foaled the 2d of March); engaged in a Produce stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., at Chester, 1839—allowed 3 lb. [Mr. Lea]	30
Bay Colt, by Recovery or Olympus, out of Caifacaratadaddera (foaled the 16th of April); engaged in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., at Liverpool July meeting, 1839. [Mr. Thomlinson]	18
Recovery (stallion), by Emilius—Camarine's dam. [Mr. Tattersall]	650
Olympus (stallion), by Blacklock, out of Michaelmas. [Mr. Tattersall]	105
THE PROPERTY OF MR. WILLIAM TURNER.	
Equator (stallion), by Battledore, out of Eucrosia. [Mr. Thomlinson]	60
The Nab, by Sam, dam Lionel Lincoln's dam—covered by Recovery and Olympus. [Mr. Beaver]	32
Bay Mare, by Filho, out of Deposit's dam—covered by Equator. [Mr. Tattersall]	55
Primrose, by Comus—Cowslip—cov. by Recovery. [Mr. Tattersall]	55
Bay Mare, by Filho, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Miss Watt, by Delpini—covered by Equator. [Mr. Thomlinson]	32
Blackburn, a brown colt, 3 yrs., by Peter Lely, out of the last lot. [Mr. Wascombe]	105
Chesnut Filly, 2 yrs. by Recovery, out of Primrose; engaged in the Oak Stakes at Epsom, 1837; also at the Liverpool July meeting, 1837, in the Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., 5 subs. [Mr. Flint]	15
Brown Filly, 2 yrs., by Filho, out of Young Patrick's dam; engaged at Chester, 1837, in a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 12 subs. [Mr. Boardman]	45
Chesnut Filly, 2 yrs. by Shrigley, out of the bay Filho mare (Deposit's dam); engaged at Manchester, 1837, in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. 6 subs., two of which nominations are dead. [Mr. Grimsditch]	32
Brown Colt, foaled in 1835, by Recovery, out of Young Patrick's dam. [Mr. Wilson Patten, M. P.]	190
Chesnut Filly (yearling), by Battledore or Recovery, out of Eucrosia, dam of Equator. [Mr. Beaver]	33
Chesnut Colt (yearling), by Recovery, out of the Nab; engaged at the Liverpool July meeting, 1838, in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 9 subs. [Mr. Worsley]	14
Chesnut Colt (yearling), by Recovery, out of Primrose; engaged at the Liverpool July meeting, 1838, in a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., 3 subs., second to save his stake. [Col. Cradock]	65
Bay Colt (yearling), by Battledore, out of the bay Filho mare (Miss Watt); engaged at Newton, 1838, in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. [Mr. Massey]	26
Brown Colt (yearling), by Olympus, out of the mare by Filho (Deposit's dam); engaged at Manchester, 1838, in a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—allowed 3 lb. [Mr. Flint.]	23
FOALS.	
Chesnut Colt, by Recovery, out of the Filho mare (Miss Watt); foaled the 28th of March. [Mr. Thomlinson]	£30
Bay or Brown Filly, by Shrigley, out of the Filho mare (Deposit's dam); foaled the 27th of February. [Mr. Weatherby.]	22

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS, Dec. 18th.

THE DERBY.—Contrary to the usual practice, the betting was considerably heavier on Thursday than on Monday, the transactions of the latter day being almost exclusively confined to Defender, whose change of proprietorship appears to have increased the anxiety of his friends to "get on;" 8 to 1 was taken, to nearly 200*l.*, and so little desire manifested to bet against him, that at the close of the day, no one offered more than 15 to 2. On Thursday, however, matters changed a little, not that there was any decrease in the fondness of his party, which, in fact, had become stronger and more general, but because there was a strong commission in the market to bet against him. The consequence was, that large sums were laid out at 8, 8¼, and lastly 8¾ to 1, the finishing offers being 8¼ to 1 against him or any thing else. What Brother to Bay Middleton's actual price is we cannot state; all that could be collected from the demonstration on Thursday was that 9 to 1 could be taken about each or either of three (it was betted to 100*l.* about Jereed), and that the highest bid against Brother to Bay Middleton was 8¼, and against Jereed 8½ to 1. Dardanelles remains in the same position we left him last week, and Phantasima improves by going back—a new way it will be said; but it is a fact, that while quoted at 16 to 1, no one would back him, and now that he is at 18, three or four influential parties are laying out their money on him. Flare-up has not been backed outright, neither have Clifton (now Col. Peel's, we believe,) Wintonian, nor Adrian. Mango was backed for nearly 200*l.* on Thursday, at 20 to 1, and two fresh horses came into the betting, at long odds. The prices, at the close of a busy week, averaged as follows:—

5 to 1	agst.	Lord Jersey's lot [t 6]	25 to 1	agst.	Clifton [take 28]
13 to 2	——	Lord Exeter's lot [off.]	30 to 1	——	Adrian [offered]
8¼ to 1	——	Defender [offered]	33 to 1	——	Cartoon [offered]
8½ to 1	——	Bro. to Bay Middleton [offered]	33 to 1	——	Lord Stafford [offer]
			33 to 1	——	Bro. to Elis [offered]
8½ to 1	——	Jereed [offered]	35 to 1	——	Sambo [tak Monday]
16 to 1	——	Dardanelles	40 to 1	——	Norgrove [offered]
18 to 1	——	Phantasima [taken]	40 to 1	——	Bro. to Cactus [tk 50]
20 to 1	——	Mango [taken]	40 to 1	——	Green Mantle [tk 50]
20 to 1	——	Flare-up [take 25]	45 to 1	——	Gilder [tk Thursday]
22 to 1	——	Wintonian [take 25]	1000 to 10	——	Tredrille [ditto]

ASCOT RACES.—We understand that the Eclipse Foot will be left with the Jockey Club, and his Majesty's gift of 200*l.* appropriated in a manner more likely to produce sport.

RATHER FOXEY.—The York (England) Herald tells the following anecdote of a fox—not "*the old red,*" that afforded so much sport to the scarlet of the Old Dominion—in a recent paper;—

About three o'clock on Saturday, a fox which had made a splendid run during the day, directed his weary course towards that part of the river Blackwater, near the town of Fermoy; and just as the whole pack was in full cry, about to dash at him, on the bank of the river opposite Fermoy House, his cunning eye discovered a means of escape. It was a sewer, which communicates from that splendid mansion to the river, passing under ground the entire length of the lawn, and although its opening is a little under water, the fox saw and availed himself of it. In he went, and left his pursuers howling and tearing away the grass at the entrance, while he quietly made his way to the poultry yard, where he treated himself to a pullet, as he was shortly afterwards seen by a peasant trotting at much ease into Castle Hyde covers, with his booty on his shoulder, to regale himself after the hardships of the day.

THE FOX AND THE SALMON.

BUCCLEUCH HOUNDS.—This gallant pack has again taken the field at Peebleshire. Some days ago they threw off at the seat of Lord Elibank, and no sooner had they drawn the cover at the south-east corner of the Copes-wood, than they found as game a fox as ever wagged a tail, which went off in slap style, with his nose pointing to the old romantic tower of Elibank. The hounds, with a brilliant scent, heads up, and sterns down, went off in a style of dashing animation. Reynard, on reaching the old ruin, made a short but graceful pause, to enable those of his followers, who had a taste for the picturesque, to take a cool and deliberate view of the old tower in passing, and at the same time to take a glimpse into the vale of the Tweed, where, at the eastern extremity, is to be seen Ashesteil House, long the residence of the "great unknown," when the alarming sounds of the bow-wows intimated to foxey that the enemy was at hand, therefore the sooner he was off the better; taking the hint, away he went at a rattling pace for the Lapwing-law. The pedestrians, who were situated on the Thornylee Craig, on the opposite bank of the Tweed, had an admirable view of reynard and his gallant pursuers for several miles, until they reached High Philip Cairn, where they were lost to view for some minutes, from the mantling mist which hung over the heath-covered mountains of the forest. At this moment, the music of the hounds became faint as an echo, on account of the great speed at which they were travelling. It is a fact well known to every sportsman, that hounds cannot go very fleetly, and at the same time give tongue; such a union is impossible. On the re-appearance of reynard, it was evident he had outwitted his pursuers in turning the cairn, by throwing them out of his course at least half a mile; still poor foxey found it rather up hill work, even in descending from the summit of the mountain, to keep at that respectful distance from his pursuers he so anxiously wished. On again reaching the banks of the Tweed, he took shelter in the cover wherein he was first found, but in a few seconds the blood thirsty notes of his enemies again assailed his ears, and knowing as he did the mischievous intentions of his followers, he was compelled to break, and went off at a slashing pace for Minchmoor-top, with the gallant pack at his heels. On reaching the summit of the mountain, poor Todlowrie found himself so hard pressed by his pursuers, that he was again compelled to descend into the valley by Glenmeade Hope. On reaching the Warlock Know, which is of a pyramidical form, poor reynard scampered round and round its base for some time, with the hounds close at his brush, till at length he began to gain ground upon his followers, when the scene became truly a novel one, as it had more the appearance of the fox chasing the hounds than the hounds the fox, as frequently the last dog was much nearer the object of his pursuit than the first. Reynard, however, having got tired of this circular motion, darted from the course, and took shelter below a large flat stone, which was immediately lifted up, when poor foxey was ushered into the presence of his savage pursuers, and in an instant was torn into a thousand pieces, and gobbled up in the general growl; and smug and smooth, dry, warm, and cozey, as he was an hour and a half ago, exactly in the furze bush in the cover, he is now peacemeal in about fifty stomachs, and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?

Immediately when the music of the hounds had ceased, the cry of human distress was distinctly heard from the valley below, which instantly attracted the attention of the pedestrians, who were situated on the summit Pietside, and who at one single glimpse into the vale of the Tweed, discovered a human being floating down the stream; in an instant a general rush took place, and on reaching the banks of the Tweed, they discovered this to be no less an individual than little Johnny Hope, the Caberston Cowherd, who was waddling down the stream nose deep, struggling between life and death with an immense salmon, which he had hooked nearly a mile up the river; from the shortness of his line he was compelled to wade stream and pool, and not unfrequently at the hazard of his life. However, before any assistance could be rendered little Johnny, he felt, from the sensitive properties of his rod, that the monster of the deep was beginning to lose strength, when immediately a voice from Coldstream reached the ear of the young piscator:—

> "Reel up, reel up, one sullen plunge,
> He takes out line no more;
> Head down the stream, then haul him in—
> He gasps upon the shore.
> He gasps upon the shore, my boys,
> His weight an English stone;
> As beautiful a thing in death
> As eye ere gazed upon."

The young angler, who had certainly proved himself game from head to heel, was so overjoyed at having captured so large a fish with such flimsy tackle, that it was some minutes after he was landed on terra firma before he could give utterance to a single word; at length he broke silence by stating to the crowd which had assembled around him, that a little past eight o'clock, when he was attending the cows at the head of the Barn Walls (a pool well known to many anglers), he observed a salmon cogging on the surface of the water, near the side, and as he recollected of having frequently heard his father state that that was almost a never-failing prognostication of a fish being in the humor for taking a fly, he immediately set to work, and made from the hair of the cow's tail, a line of about twelve feet in length, and the only hook he had was a small-bait one, given him by a friend of the writer of this paragraph in passing to the hunt. Upon this he put wings from a feather of the wood pigeon, which he found on the banks of the river, and with a little of the brown hair from crumie's back, in place of a hackle, and with a small quantity of white pulled from the forehead of Hawkie for the tail or tip, he finished what might be considered no faint imitation of the Juniper Bank death fly. The rod was solely composed of a branch of the Rowan tree, and immediately on the line being attached, he cast his fly into the river, when up came the fish and seized his hook, which proves to a demonstration that no one, however ingenious, can make a fly, be the color what it may, but will soon trill a salmon, provided he keeps within bounds with regard to the size.

Bell's Life in London, 18th Dec.

THE HUNTING SWEEP.

A DAY WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.—On Saturday se'nnight the favorite meet took place on the Lawn in front of Badminton House, and, as usual, was quite a show. The weather being fine, there was a strong muster of carriages with the female branches of the neighboring gentry, and amongst the horsemen were the Duke of Beaufort, the young Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Andover, Lord Seymour, Mr. C. W. Codrington, M.P., M. R. B. Hale, M.P., Mr. Neeld, M.P., Mr. Ramsden, M.P., Captain Boldero, M.P., and others, comprising altogether a well appointed field of 300, including last, though not least, our old friend, "the Hunting Sweep," who was received with warm congratulations by all present.

He was mounted on his old chesnut horse, with a white face and long tail, a pad for a saddle, no stirrups, and a bridle with a new blue front, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the hunt. The sweep was in his sooty attire, a black jacket and trowsers, with his brush for a whip. This was his first appearance for some time past, and he was asked why he had so long absented himself? "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I will explain to you the cause. I have not hunted since the late Duke's death. Peace to his memory! He was a Duke every inch of him, and a great friend to me. He died just a year ago, and I have been in mourning ever since. I was so grieved at his loss, that I had some idea of giving up hunting altogether, but folks speak so well of the present Duke, that I thought I would come and pay my respects to him. Besides, I stood by him in days of yore, before he was a Duke, and seconded his nomination for the county, and got him into the Parliament House too, and I dare say he has not forgotten me." Just at this moment the Duke appeared at the Hall door to greet his sporting friends, and the sweep immediately rode forward, received the congratulations of of his Grace, and returned them by placing his brush horizontally in front of his hat a la militaire. This movement brought all the ladies and other inmates in the house to the windows, whereupon the sweep jumped on his nag, and stood erect upon one leg, extending the other in the air, holding the reins in one hand, and holding out the brush with the other, like a flying Mercury. He then showed his skill in horsemanship by galloping round the circle in this attitude, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, and to the infinite amusement of all present.

The fun over, the time had now arrived for the start, and Long, the huntsman, proceeded with the hounds, followed by the concourse of sportsmen, and others in carriages, to the centre walk, and on to Alderton Brake, but reynard was not at home. Better success followed at Littleton Drew, where a brace of foxes were soon unkenneled, and the hounds got well away with one of them, but the foot people were numerous, and headed the fox in all directions, and as the scent was bad, the fox was soon lost. Another was shortly found, but the rain came down in torrents, and ultimately saved his life after a short run. There was better luck, however, in store. The day mended, the rain ceased, and another fox was tally-hoe'd away from Lucky Brake. All was soon in motion, and the sportsmen, from their anxiety, rode over the scent, the hounds, and one another, as is often the case with large fields. Long, however, called them to order, got the hounds well away at a rattling pace, and then said, "Now, gentlemen, catch us if you can." The fox bore away for Didmarton, thence on the right to Sopworth, through the Village Gardens, on to Wick, in a line for Sherstone, then turning to the right through Luckington, he crossed the churchyard—a somewhat ominous spot with so many enemies in the rear, but that was not to be his grave of glory, for, proceeding on down the vale towards the Giant's Cave, he took his pursuers through the brook, and gave many who had been thoroughly wet before another precious soaking. Here the sweep was well up, and set a good example by plunging first into the water over his horse's back, and was safely landed on the opposite side, none the worse for a cold bath. The fox soon afterwards made another turn, and began to run short, in order to evade his pursuers, but Long, like an experienced general, was ready at every point, and ably assisted by his first aide-de-camp, Bill Stansby, (a most capital whip), there was no chance of escape. Wide casts in the early part of the run, and narrow ones towards the end, baffled reynard at every point; and, quite exhausted, he reached the Village of Alderton, ran into the gardens, up the wall, and mounted to the house-top, and there couched for a while beside the chimney. This was a scene for the sweep, who soon screeched out, "All up, all up!" with such vehemence, that poor pug found no safety there, and after looking over the house-top and seeing the enemy in front, again returned to the gardens, and kept up a running fire, amidst the yells and hootings of all the men, women and children in the village. The hounds joined in chorus, and as die he must, he was determined to die with honors, and taking his station under a laurel bush he boldly faced about, received the charge of the enemy, and then yielded up the ghost. The scene altogether, after such a run, was a most amusing one. Our friend, the sweep, was in a good place to the end, and one of the party asking "where is the *brush?*" "Here it is," said the sweep, holding up his own. "There is my brush. Farmer Bell has the fox's brush, and I think now, gentlemen, we had better "all brush," for it is getting late, and we have a long way home; but I hope we part to meet again, for I am so well pleased with the day's sport that for the rest of the season 'I hunts vith the Duke.'"

Bell's Life in London, 18th Dec.

PONY MATCH.

A correspondent has favored us with the following account of a pony match, which took place on the 14th of November, to go from Newcastle to Morpeth and back, a distance of twenty-eight miles. The ponies came in thus:—

Mr. Brown's ro. p. Donald, 12 h. 1 in., 7 st. 4 lb. (a boy)	1
Mr. Lax's dun pony, 13 h. 1¼ in., 9 st. 2 lb. (Owner)	2

Betting—6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Lax.

At starting, they went off at a steady gallop, and continued for a few miles at the same pace, after which they quickened their speed, and went as though they had but a mile to go. They continued at the same pace to Morpeth, entered the town, turned, and for about two miles and a half back kept up their steam. During all this time, the usual occurrences of first one leading and then the other had taken place, but the "little-un" throughout kept a steady pace, and here the push commenced at a most tremendous rate—a push which continued for six miles, the two "little devils" going neck and neck; best of it for the next three miles, at the end of which it was evident he had it safe, the other beginning to show symptoms of distress. The "little-un" continued his rapid course for the next two miles and a half, and after all this galloping, during which one hour and nearly thirty-eight minutes had slipped away, the little "ringle eyed-un" found himself just where he started, beating the other by ten minutes.

THE HAMPTON COURT STUD SALE FOR 1837.

The annual sale of his Majesty's yearlings will take place, as usual, in the ensuing Spring. The stock comprises the following:—

Bay filly, by Actæon, out of Belvoirina, by Stamford.
Bay filly, by Camel, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
Bay colt, by Camel, out of Maria, by Waterloo.
Chesnut filly, by The Colonel, dam by Oscar.
Chesnut colt, by Reveller, out of Rachel, by Whalebone.
Bay filly, by Actæon, out of Scandal, by Selim.
Bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Posthuma, by Orville.
Bay colt, by Emilius, out of Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon.
Chesnut filly, by Actæon, out of Ada, by Woful.
Chesnut filly, by The Colonel, out of Galatea, by Amadis.
Gray colt, by Rubini, out of a grey Arabian mare.
Bay colt, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe.
Bay filly, by Sultan, out of Miss O'Neil, by Camilus.
Chesnut colt, by Actæon, out of Wings, by The Flyer.
Chesnut filly, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton, by Partisan.
Chesnut colt, by Emilius, out of Young Mouse, by Godolphin.
Chesnut colt, by Actæon, out of Locket, by Blacklock.
Chesnut filly, by The Colonel, out of Codicil, by Smolensko.
Chesnut filly, by Taurus, out of Black Daphne, by Juniper.
Brown colt, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare, by Smolensko.
Bay filly, by Camel, out of La Danseuse, by Blacklock.
Chesnut colt, by Rowton, out of Nanine, by Selim.
Chesnut colt, out of one of the grey mares presented to his Majesty by the Imaum of Muscat, and foaled on the passage.

Mr. Turner's Studs.—The racing studs of Mr. Robert Turner and Mr. William Turner (the father of the celebrated Miss Turner) are, it will be seen, announced for sale by auction. The stud of the former gentleman consisted of 15, and the latter of 20 thorough-bred horses. Their withdrawal from the turf will be severely felt; both gentlemen have been warm supporters of the noble sport of horse-racing for a long series of years.

The Duke of Rutland is at his sporting lodge near Derby, where a party is on a visit to his Grace, enjoying the amusement of shooting.

The Turf at Calcutta.—Lord Auckland, with the view of promoting the revival of the Calcutta turf, has intimated his intention of presenting a cup, to be run for at the next races.

Mr. Silvester Reed, of this city, at his recent visit to Newmarket, has purchased from the Hare-park stud a very superior grey colt, which he has named Sir Mark. He is got by that celebrated stallion, Cetus, his dam by Whisker, grandam (Jack Spigot's dam) own sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer. He is engaged in the Epsom Derby Stakes, but we believe that at the solicitation of many breeders, Mr. R. has relinquished his intention of putting him into training, and that he will be put to the stud the ensuing season, to which his beautiful symmetry and superior blood, cannot fail to make him a valuable acquisition.

York Courant.

Pedestrian Match to Brighton.—A very interesting and sporting match was made on Friday evening at Tom Spring's, between the veteran Townsend, the champion of British pedestrians, and Jack Berry, the celebrated runner. They are pitted against each other for 50*l.* a-side, to go from the Elephant and Castle, Surrey, to the new Church at Brighton, at their own pace, "walk, trot, or gallop." The first over the ground to be deemed the winner. Berry is to give twenty minutes at starting, and the match is to come off on Monday, the 30th of January next; Townsend to take the lead precisely at 8 o'clock. The men are backed by gentlemen of sporting celebrity, and a good deal of speculation will no doubt take place. Townsend's forte is walking, and not running; he has, therefore, a good deal to do to get himself into his new pace, and that circumstance, as well as his age, 44, is considerably against him; his principal reliance is on his tough and lasting qualities. Berry is well known as a runner of ten miles in the hour, which he has repeatedly accomplished; and when he ran the German phenomenon a few years back, he did the distance in fifty-seven minutes. Both are to go into immediate training. The high road over Clapham-common, through Tooting, Sutton, Riegate, and Crawley, is to be taken. A good deal of betting on time may be expected, and there is no doubt the winner will do the distance considerably under nine hours.

Great Pigeon Match at Chalk-Farm.—Mr. Bowden, the spirited proprietor of the Chalk-farm Tavern, on Wednesday, gave a very superb gun, by Manton, to be shot for. The match was open to all England, but handicapped by distance. There were 13 members, at one guinea each, charge limited to two ounces, seven birds, and 25 yards rise to those who have won public prizes.—The birds supplied by Barber, were beautiful, and the wind being high, the match must be considered as most excellent Mr. Withers, Mr. Williamson, and Mr. Bowden each killed six of their birds; the latter, from his style of killing, perfectly eclipsing the crack shot, Groom, who missed three of his birds; indeed, this gentleman has been very unfortunate lately. In shooting the ties off, Mr. Williamson killed five, Mr. Withers four, and Mr. Bowden three. The gentlemen afterwards partook of a very substantial "feed" at the tavern.

Novel Wager.—On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Clements, of Tabernacle-walk, Finsbury, undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk from the corner of Giltspur-street to St. Martin's-le-Grand, carrying a half-hundred weight in each hand, without resting the same, which he easily effected in less than three minutes, although Newgate-street was most particularly crowded at the time.

Racing in Russia.—*Ouralsk.*—The Emperor Nicholas has created prizes for horse-races in several parts of Russia. On the 20th of September a race took place at Ouralsk. The distance was 18 verstes—four leagues and-a-half French measure. The first heat was run by 24 horses of the Oural Cossacks, which was won by the charger of Bourtche Tchourumief, in 25 min. 19 sec. Afterwards, a race took place between 23 of the breed of the Kirgis Caissaks. This race was won by the horse of Kni-Osak-Isbaka-Iterlaie in 25 min. 5 sec. On the 21st of September, the best horses of the two races contended for the prize of honor; and on this occasion the distance was twelve verstes, or three French leagues. The charger of Bourtche Tchourumief was again the victor, performing the distance in 23 minutes. Several Russian noblemen offered to purchase the animal, but the Cossack refused, declaring that all the gold in the world should not separate him from his horse, which he called "his friend" and "brother," so great a regard have the Cossacks for their steeds.

The greatest stake (that we are aware of) on record, depending on a single heat, was 5,200 guineas! This was won by Dorimont, a horse four years old, the property of the Earl of Upper Ossory, at Newmarket, in 1776. This fortunate animal, the Bay Middleton of that day, also won for his noble owner the same season, in matches and sweepstakes, eight other races, making the sum in hard cash, of 7,899 guineas, and the Grosvenor stakes and the Clermont cup.—It is neither impossible nor improbable that the above stakes may ere long be exceeded in magnitude; the grand stakes already made to be run at Goodwood, in 1839, has twenty-three subscribers, 300 sovs. each, h. ft., K.P.C., so that the exact amount cannot be ascertained until the day of trial. The Lavant stakes for 1837 has 27, the Drawing-room stakes 23, and the Molecombe Stakes, 26 subscribers.

Matches at Newmarket.—In the course of the last fortnight ten or twelve matches have been made for the next Spring Meetings at Newmarket, about eight of them being appointed for the Craven week. To these and other indications of improvement we may add, that the recent nominations for Newmarket and Goodwood show three or four names new to the South country; amongst them being Mr. Watt, who so long took the lead in the North. We understand, too, that a noble lord, hitherto a stranger to the turf, and lately come to his title, intends to keep a small stud at Newmarket, which promises fair to become more prosperous than ever.

Sir Francis Goodricke and a party of friends have this week enjoyed two of the most extraordinary days' sport in the preserves of Studley Castle, that are, perhaps, recorded in the annals of shooting. The party consisted of the Hon. Baronet, Mr. Massey Stanley, Mr. Packington, Mr. Lyne Stephens, and Mr. George Payne. On Tuesday they killed 486 head, and on Wednesday, 503—total, 989 head; consisting of 492 pheasants, 376 hares, 130 rabbits and a cock. The party were out four hours each day. Worcester Guardian.

Francis Boyce, the Jockey, died at Newmarket, on Friday week, having survived his wife a fortnight—his character was irreproachable.

Sporting Extraordinary.—A gentleman of Stockport got permission to enjoy a day's sporting near Captain White's preserves; he took forty shots, and returned home, having bagged one rabbit and his favorite terrier dog!—An Hon. and gallant Captain; Royal Navy, brother to a noble Lord, whose love of field sports is only equalled by his want of success, went out the other day with a party for a day's sport, in a highly kept preserve, where birds rose at every step; as usual, although he fired shot for shot with his friends, he bagged nothing. Determined to avoid the laughter usually attending his sporting misfortunes, he bought a live hare, which he tied to a rail with the gamekeeper's garter, and exclaiming with great glee, "Now I will shew them a hare of my shooting," put the muzzle of the gun to the hare's head, drew the trigger—shot—the string! and off ran puss.

Doncaster Gazette.

Fox and Swan Drowned Together.—A few days since, as a fine swan, the property of Thos. Kirkpatrick Hall, Esq., of Holy Bush-hall, in the county of Stafford, was sitting, it is supposed, by the side of one of the fish-ponds, it was seized by a fox, with which the swan rushed into the water. Determined not to lose his prey, the fox kept his hold, when, after a violent struggle, they were both drowned. The keeper on going his rounds the following morning discovered them; the swan had a large wound in the neck.

It is currently reported at the West-end that Lord Albert Conyngham succeeds ta the editorship of The New London Sporting Magazine; some say Mr. Surtees and he take it together, assisted by Nimrod. If so, it will be a powerful union.

Necromancer.—This celebrated stallion, the sire of Ebor (which was sold for 500 gs. to go abroad) died of inflammation of the bladder on Friday, the 11th instant. He was also sire of Paul, Hinos, and Alfred, all of whom were bred by Mr. Burton, of Water Fulford, who has refused 1300 guineas for the last two. As a country stallion, Necromancer was perhaps never excelled in this country.

American Sporting Varieties.

PEDIGREE, PERFORMANCES, & PRODUCE of SALLY HOPE.

Written for the New York Spirit of the Times

Sally Hope, a chesnut mare, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, of great substance, was got by Sir Archy; her dam, imported by Mr. Dunlop, of Petersburg, Virginia, was got by Chance, and was own sister to the famous English race-horse Grimalkin; her grandam, Jemima, was got by Phenomenon; her g. grandam, Eyebright, own sister to Conductor, (sire of Trumpator, &c.,) Alfred, &c. was by Matchem; Snap—Cullen Arabian—Grisewood's Lady Thigh, by Partner—Greyhound—Sophonisba's dam, by the Curwen Bay Barb—Lord D'Arcy's chesnut Arabian—Whiteshirt—Old Montagu mare.

Sally Hope first ran in 1826, then 4 years old.

1826.—She was beaten at Gloucester, Virginia.

She beat Sir Austin and Peggy, at Norfolk, mile heats, for $200. Won with ease. Time, 1:49—2:9.

She won a purse of $200, 2 mile heats, beating Fairfax, Trumpator, and Oscar, at Washington, D. C. Time, 3:52—3.54.

Next day she was beaten, 2 mile heats. She won the 1st heat, hurt her ankle in the 2d heat, by her plate's springing, and was drawn.

At Norfolk, December 23d, she was beaten by Eagle, in a match, 2 mile heats, for $2000. Time, 3:50—3:51. A close race.

1827—Spring.—She won the Proprietor's Purse, at Newmarket, worth $300, 3 mile heats, beating Pirate with ease.

The second day after, she was beaten, 3 mile heats, by Lafayette—beating several others. Lost this race by a mistake of her rider.

She won the Proprietor's Purse of $300, 2 mile heats, at Norfolk.

Same meeting she was beaten for the Jockey Club Purse, $600, 3 mile heats.

Fall—She won the Proprietor's Purse of $300, at Broad Rock, 2 mile heats, beating Trumpator and Phillis. Time, 3:52—3:47. Excellent time.

She won the Proprietor's Purse of $300, 2 mile heats, at Tree Hill, beating with ease Phillis, Magazine, Leopoldstadt, and Saluda. Time, 4:1—3:56.

She won with ease the Jockey Club Purse of $300, at Charles' City Court House.

She won at Nottoway the Proprietor's Purse of $200, 2 mile heats, beating Trumpator.

She won at Belfield the Proprietor's Purse of $200, 2 mile heats, beating with great ease Snow-Storm. Time, 3:57—4:0.

She won at Newhope, North Carolina, the Proprietor's Purse of $200, 2 mile heats, beating Trumpator and others.

She won at Boydton, Virginia, the Proprietor's Purse of $200, 2 mile heats, with great ease.

1827—1828—Winter.—She won at Augusta, Georgia, a purse of $300, 3 mile heats, beating four or five horses.

She won at Charleston, S. C., a purse of $166, 3 mile heats, beating with ease Nondescript, Lady Lightfoot and Archy. Time, 5:51—6:3.

1828—Spring.—She won at Newhope, N. C., the Jockey Club Purse of $600, 4 mile heats, beating Betsey Ransom and Nutcracker.

Spring.—She walked over for the Jockey Club Purse of $300, 3 mile heats, at Belfield, Va.

She won at Newmarket the Jockey Club Purse of $600, 4 mile heats, beating with great ease *Industry.*

She won at Tree Hill the Post stake of $150, 4 miles, beating with ease Trumpator and Palemon.

She won at Broad Rock the Proprietor's Purse of $300, 2 mile heats, beating Virginia Heath.

She won at Norfolk the Jockey Club Purse of $700, 4 mile heats, beating Pirate and Reputation.

She won at Boydton, Virginia, the Jockey Club Purse of $150, 4 mile heats.

Fall.—She won at Norfolk the Proprietor's Purse of $300, 3 mile heats, beating with ease Reputation. Time, 5:51—5:57.

1829—Spring.—She won the Jockey Club Purse of $300, 3 mile heats, beating easily Brunette, and others. Time, 5:56—5:59.

She was now withdrawn from the turf, having sometime before this sustained an injury in one of her legs.

Sally Hope was bred by John T. Bowdoin, Esq. She was sold when 4 yrs. old to the Messrs. Garrison, of Norfolk. The Fall after she was 5 yrs. old, she was bought by Col. Wm. Wynn for $1600. The Spring, when 6 yrs. old, she was bought by Dr. Bolling for $2000. The Fall after, she became, and still remains, the property of Wm. H. E. Merritt and A. T. B. Merritt.

Her produce is as follows:—

1831.—b. c. *Jack Downing*, by Young Truffle, (imported.)
1832—ch. f. *Jest*, since called *Alice Riggs*, by imp. Leviathan, sold for $3000.
1833—ch. c. *Joe Miller*, by Crusader.
1834—b. f. by Luzborough, (imported.)
1835—b. c. by Sarpedon, (imported.)
1836—Missed

Now in foal by imported Emancipation.

None have run except Alice Riggs; she has been a good runner, winning the 4 mile day at Natchez, before she was 4 yrs. old. M.

Pedigrees for the New American Stud Book.

Jefferson County, Va., Jan. 27, 1837.

Dear Sir,—I send you the pedigrees of some blooded stock, in order that they may appear in the forthcoming "American Stud Book" of Mr. Stratton, and the "Spirit of the Times." Yours, &c. Wm. MOORE.

Astrologer, b. c. foaled in 1835, by Star, dam (the dam of Sadi, and House's Agrippa filly) by Walnut, grandam (the dam of Enciero) by Seymour's Spread Eagle, g. g. dam by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. g. dam by Federalist, g. g. g. g. dam by Independence, g. g. g. g. g. dam by a Black horse that won a four mile race in Fredericksburg, in four heats (name not recollected), g. g. g. g. g. g. dam a celebrated Quarter mare, belong to the present Mr. Hutton's (breeder of Enciero) father.

Walnut was by Imp. Archibald, dam Cremona, grandam Imp. Gasterin, by Balloon. Wm. MOORE & Co. of Va.

Starless, bl. c. foaled in 1836, by Star, dam (full sister to Doswell's Sting) by Tariff, grandam Sally Brown (dam also of Traffic and John Brown), by Old Buckrabbit, g. g. dam by Imp. Knowsley, g. g. g. dam by Bellair.

Wm. YATES, of Va.

Tychica, b. m. by Clifton (sire of Tychicus), grandam by Peter Pindar, g. g. dam the dam of Abner Bailes' fine race horse Sir Richard (by Ratler).

Peter Pindar was a fine four mile horse, by Imp. Driver, dam by Hyder Ally, &c.

Tychica is in foal by Imp. Flexible. Wm. YATES, of Va.

Near Charleston, Jefferson Co., (Va.,) Jan. 20th, 1837.

Sir,—I send you the pedigrees of Blood stock now in my possession, which I forward, to be inserted in the New American Stud Book, that is about to be published.

1st. Dark ch. m. *Fleta*, bred by Capt. Jesse Wilkinson, (U. S. Navy,) got by Old Sir Charles, her dam Littletonia, (half sister to Young Favorite,) by Old Sir Archy, her grandam by Old Bellair, (son of the imp. horse Old Medley,) her g. g. dam by the imp. horse Clockfast, her g. g. g. dam by Partner, and her g. g. g. g. dam I. H. Morton's Traveller, N. B. This mare is blind in both eyes, caused from wolf's teeth when quite young. Foaled in 1833.

2d. A b. m., *Lady Wilkinson*, (foaled the property of Robt. A. Jones, Esq., of Halifax, N. C.,) was got by Old Sir Archy, her dam Camilla, by Timoleon, her g. dam Dutchess, by the I. H. Bedford, her g. g. dam Thrasher, (full sister to Opossum,) by the I. H. Sharke, her g. g. g. dam by Old Twigg, (Goode's,) her g. g. g. g. dam by the I. H. Baylor's Old Fearnought, her g. g. g. g. g. dam by the I. H. Jolly Roger, her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Antony, and her g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by the I. H. Monkey.

This mare was foaled in 1832.

N. B. For Camilla's pedigree, see Turf Register, Vol. 1. No. 10.

For Opossum's pedigree, see Turf Register, Vol. 1. No. 12.

3d. B. f. *Margot* was got by Zinganee, her dam (the dam of Daniel O'Connell) was by Strange or Stranger, her g. dam by the I. H. Bedford, her g. g. dam an Alderman mare, in the stud of the late ex-President, James Madison, who bred from her on the shares; Strange or Stranger was by Young Florizel, (who was by Ball's Florizel,) the dam of Strange was by Topgallant, g. dam by Cade, (Topgallant by Bedford,) g. g. dam Baylor's Gallant, he by Fearnought, dam Baylor's Stately, she by Fearnought. This filly was foaled in 1835.

P.S. I forgot to mention the height of the two mares: No. 1 is 15 hands high, and No. 2 is 15 hands 3 inches.

You will oblige a subscriber by inserting in the Spirit of the Times the above.

THOS. S. BAYLOR.

PALMYRA (Mo.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

We are indebted to "A Member of the Club" for the annexed report of the Palmyra, Missouri, races. It is imperfect in many particulars, but, as our unknown correspondent remarks, it is better than none, and we are obliged to him for it.

First Day, Sept. 15, 1836.—Purse, $200, Four mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagellator, out of Medora, by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 118lbs	1	1
Mr. Burns' ch. g. *Paul Jones*, 6 yrs, 115lbs	2	2
T. W. Lane's b. h. *David Crockett*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 100lbs	3	dis
Mr. Price's ch. h. *Pompey*, 4 yrs. 100lbs	dis.	
Mr. How's ch. h. *Venitian*, by Rob Roy, aged, 124lbs	dis.	

No time kept, owing to the miserable state of the track, which in two places was so deep that the proprietors were obliged to causeway it by throwing rails across, and the horses ran over them at the risk of breaking their legs. Laplander won both heats with ease.

Second Day.—Purse $150, Two mile heats.

Mr. Shaklett's b. m. *Lady Pest*, by Carolinian, aged, 121lbs	1	1
Mr. Price's b. m. *Fanny Kemble*, by Mormon, 4 yrs. 97lbs	2	dis.
Dr. Bozel's b. f. ——, by Trumpeter, 3 yrs. 83lbs	dis.	
John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, by Bertrand, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs. 86lbs	dis.	

Run during a heavy shower—track knee deep—no time kept.

Third Day.—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Price's ch. h. *Pompey*, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1	1
T. W. Lane's b. h. *David Crockett*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	2	2
Dr. Bozel's b. c. ——, by Trumpeter, 3 yrs. 83lbs	dis.		

Notwithstanding Pompey is placed 1st in each heat, the purse was given to David Crockett. On the last heat Pompey fell, when leading, and as he was recovering his legs, he staggered against Crockett, and the *judges!* decided that inasmuch as Pompey impeded the running of Crockett, it was a case of foul riding, and therefore gave the purse to him. Neither horse or rider was injured, and notwithstanding this awkward accident, Pompey recovered the lead, and beat Crockett in to the stand. This may be *the rule*, but Pompey's was a mighty hard case.

A PEEP INTO THE 'RACE HORSE REGION.'

Cetus, Zinganee, Skylark, &c.

In a former letter, after a visit at Mount Airy, an ancient family seat in Virginia, I described my satisfaction on a transient review of some of the best blooded stock in the country—the get of Autocrat, Chateau Margaux, Luzborough, Timoleon, Tranby, and Tychius, that appeared to me to be colts of no ordinary promise, occupying the very paddocks where Bellair, Calypso, Gallatin, Sir Archy, Lady Lightfoot, &c., had grazed, at the same age.

Since then, I have extended my excursion in the Ancient Dominion; and lately, at the Reeds, another ancient relict of Virginia's aristocracy, I had the pleasure of seeing other blooded stock of high renown, both in the stud and upon the turf—the dam of Star and others of that distinguished family, and some of the renowned get of Sir Charles, that were off a recent campaign; besides several very high bred foreigners—the renowned brood mare My Lady, in foal to Chateau, her foal colt by Langar (got in England;) Pirouette, in foal to Star; Cameletta, a two year old filly by Muley, (own sister to Beccasine), but, above all others, Cetus, that renowned son of Whalebone, lately arrived from England. He was bought of Sir Mark Wood, a great name on the English turf, by one of his present owners, during the last summer, and at *a higher figure* than any other horse *ever* imported into America. In my opinion, Cetus is not only of 'the true Prunella sort,' the lasting kind; and from form, blood and performances, is calculated to 'do the state some service;' but is also exquisitely handsome. I will not pretend to describe him, further than to say, he is a beautiful bay, black legs, that are flat fine and clean, with no other mark than a small star in the forehead and the fetlock on the right hind leg white; he is fifteen hands and an inch high, of fine length and most perfect symmetry. His true Arabian muzzle, thin and distended nostril, long swan like neck, beautifully set on to strong, oblique and thin shoulders, such as are said in England to be of 'the American taste,' short back, fine loin and tapering croup, seemed to be worthy of special admiration. Withal he is docile and good tempered, though playful and active. With a finer shoulder and better limbs, (not so leggy), I thought him more like Ogle's Oscar, than any horse I now remember.

It may be desirable to breeders to know that his next season will be made at the Reeds, about midway between Richmond and Fredericksburg, a little east of the old stage road; where I understand every provision will be made for the accommodation of mares, and that their *quality*, rather than *number*, will be a leading object.

Within five miles of Richmond, on the turnpike, from near the Oaks, at Mr. Williamson's noted stand, I also had the pleasure of seeing two other illustrious nobles, lately arrived. The renown of Zinganee, the fleetest horse of his day, a second Eclipse, got by Tramp, the sire of Lottery, Barefoot, and St. Giles, out of a descendant from the own sister of imported Diomed, had long preceded him. He is an airy gallant steed, rather taller than Cetus and a lighter bay, one or more fetlocks white; that one may readily imagine to have been as fast as stated. His neighbour, Skylark, from the Emerald Isle, as reputed for the frequency and the length of his conflicts, in which he was usually victorious, is a darker bay than either, without white; he also has a particularly fine shoulder, and is about the height of Zinganee, fifteen and a half hands. I understand Skylark is a son of Waxy Pope, (stout blood,) but have not seen his pedigree. These and other particulars, from the proper quarter, will no doubt be communicated in due season for publication.—B. Turf Register.

A fellow walking into the kitchen of a London inn on a voyage of discovery, saw the cook busy in roasting a fine fat turkey:—"Ah, Betty, always on the move—eh?—great traveller, eh?" Betty looked, hem'd, and grinned. "Betty, I understand you have been considerable of a traveller in your day?"—"Oh, no, sir," said Betty, turning the fowl's back to the fire—(it was in the month of December). "No! why, they tell me you have been all over Greece (grease)!"—"Oh, quite a mistake," giggled Betty. "Betty, Betty, be careful; you have at least been all about *Turkey?*"—"I assure you, upon my honor," quoth Betty, waxing quite positive, "that I never was out of Lunnun in my life." "Indeed?" said the wag, "how easily one is deceived. At any rate, Betty, I have seen you at Spithead (spit-head) myself." "What an unb'lieving man," said the cook, sotto voce, as the incredulous enquirer withdrew.

Unparalleled Murder.—Louis Bourgue, a farmer of St. Saturnin-lez-Apt, was condemned to death by the Court of Assize of Vaucleuse, on the 6th of July last. His crime was of the most horrible description. Bourgue conceived an incestuous affection for Felicienne Mezard, of whose mother he was the second husband. Felicienne was scarcely 12 years of age when she was seduced by Bourgue At the age of 16 she was married; but Bourgue did not expect, it seems, that her duty as a wife, or her affection for her husband, should prevent her from gratifying his infernal passion. From that moment, however, the young woman obstinately resisted the brutal and incessant solicitations of her tyrant. One day Bourgue took advantage of a moment when Felicienne was at a distance from her home, in a solitary place, to make a last effort to overcome her resolution. He rushed upon her like a mad person, but all his efforts to make her betray her duty to her husband were in vain. Then seizing her by the neck, he strangled her, and gratified his execrable passion on her body, which he afterwards cast into a well. Being condemned for this crime, Bourgue appealed against the judgment, but without success. He next interceded for mercy; and the lapse of several months since the trial had caused a belief to be entertained that his punishment was commuted. However, Bourgue was executed on the 12th of November, the market-day at Apt. Although the rain had been falling heavily for two days previously, an immense crowd had assembled. Bourgue appeared calm and resigned. For the last four months he had daily received from M. Guarid, cure of Carpentras, the consolations of religion.

Gazette des Tribunaux.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Jeffries, formerly an actor at Covent-garden Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Harris and Kemble, but latterly a private box-keeper, at Drury-lane Theatre; and who has occasionally shown strong symptoms of mental derangement, went to the theatre as usual, but returned soon after, evidently under much excitement, and stabbed himself six times in his right side, with a large carving knife. The unfortunate man lingered until Thursday morning, when he expired. The Coroner's Jury have returned a verdict of "Temporary derangement."

THEATRICAL EPIGRAM.

"Our theatres grow sylvan. Over the main,
The Woods come back, and flourish here again;
The Groves, 'tis true, have left us; yet we still
Have pleasant Meadows, and a Vale and Hill;
'Tis true we've lost one Tree, at which we mourn,
But then we get a Forrest in return."

A woman at Dunlop was confined with her 26th child. Such a circumstance, while corn is at its present price, is calculated to Malthusianise even ourselves, and absolutely to freeze the heart of Martineau.

The post-boy conveying his Majesty's mails between Clonard and Edenderry, was attacked between six and seven o'clock in the evening of Saturday, at Kilrathmurray, near the old bridge of Clonard, by two armed men, who knocked him off his horse, tied his hands and feet, threw him into a ditch, and robbed him of the Dublin mail-bag for Edenderry, the bye-letter bag from that town to Clonard, and the private letters

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course* are *CLOSED.* January, 1837.

SPRING, 1837—Match, mile heats, one fortnight before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' colt, by Henry, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring, 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ch c, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names Cornelia, by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names Imp. b f Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Charlotte Temple, by Lance.
3. Robert Tillotson names ch c by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
5. R. F. Stockton names b f by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.
6. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.
7. Samuel Neill names c by Henry, out of Garland (brother to Post Boy).

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, ft. $250.

1. Wade Hampton names ch f Charlotte Russe, full sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Also Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
4. R. F. Stockton names gr c Bergen, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Also Imp. c Langford, by Starch, out of Peri.
6. R. L. Stevens names Mortimer, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.

FALL, 1837,—First Meeting.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

SPRING, 1838—First Meeting—3 year olds, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. *Also produce* of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.
9. R. F. Stockton names ch c by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey,
10. Also ch f by Powhattan, out of Blanche.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
13. Wm. Gibbons names Saracen, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 yrs old, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda by Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
3. Also produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Fall, 1838—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $200, forfeit $50.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.

SPRING, 1839—First meeting, Match, mile heats, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, and Polly Jones, and Mr. J. C Stevens' colt by Henry, out of Romp.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, mile heats, between Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins, and Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Medoc.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—A match, mile heats, between the produce of Garland, by Barefoot, and the produce of Empress, by Gohanna, (Mr. Neill and Mr. Hamlin).

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old; the second in the race to receive back akes: Mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, Mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L Stevens names produce of Meg Dodds and Shark
5. Also produce of Celeste's Sister and Richard.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, Mile heats, between the colts of Col. Hampton, of uth Carolina, and Mr. Robt L. Stevens, of New York.

FALL, 1839—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill, by Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria, by Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Shark.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Shark
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Terror.

SPRING, 1840—First Meeting—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Bianca, by Trustee.
2. Also produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn, by Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Henry.
4. Robt L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Trustee.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Trustee.
6. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Romp, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1840—Three years old, Mile heats; the 2d in the last heat to receive back stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced; entrance $1000, ft. $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe, by Henry.
5. Also produce of Black Maria, by Henry.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Geranium, by Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes, by Barefoot.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle, by Star.
10. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey, by Tonson.
11. Also produce of Jemima, by Barefoot.
12. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Barefoot.
13. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
14. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Trustee.
15. Also produce of Powancey, by Trustee.
16. Also produce of Monmouth's dam, by Trustee.
17. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones, by Barefoot.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Plenipo'.
19. Also produce of Lalla Rookh, by Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Henry.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

New York, January 5, 1837. [J7]

CULPEPER C. H. SPRING RACES FOR 1837.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run for over the Course of the Culpeper Ct. Hs. Virginia, Jockey Club, in the Spring of 1837.

1st. A Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, One mile and repeat; entrance $100, half forfeit. Four entries, and closed, viz:—

Robert E. Scott's Charles filly.
Absalom Hickerson's filly by John Richards.
James Greene's Restless filly.
William Cleveland's Charles filly.

2d. A Wheat Stake; 50 bushels entrance, 30 bushels forfeit; One mile and repeat:

Blucher Hansborough's colt by Snow Storm.
John S. Greene's f by Restless.
J. C. Gibson's f by Macedonian.
Lewis Wall's Macedonian filly.
Wm. & Philip Slaughter's ch f by Macedonian. All 3 yr olds.

3d. A Stake will be open until the 15th of March, for 3 year old colts and fillies, now owned in Culpeper County, and any county adjoining, and counties next to adjoining counties, or which may have been raised in any of said counties; One mile and repeat; entrance $50, forfeit $30. Four or more to make a race. Already 2 entries. Any entry can be changed till 15th March.

4th. A Stake for any horse, mare, or gelding in the counties mentioned in 3d Stake, except Sybrant; One mile and repeat; entrance $50, forfeit $30; 4 or more to make a race. To close on the 15th March, up to which time any named entry may be changed.

Besides the above races, there will be a handsome purse given by the Proprietor, to be run for, Two miles and repeat, free for any horse. And it is understood that a match will be run at the same time, for $1000 a-side.

Culpeper C. H., Va., Jan. 4, 1837. [J21] THE PROPRIETOR.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston. S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to star for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26–moj.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the first of July. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrensy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger. Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.*, and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834. by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N J. [d24–6m]

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Scagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet. dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to
[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c, will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

J. T. GOSDEN.

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

NO. 18 South Sixth-street, opposite Minor-street, and between Chesnut and Market streets; Philadelphia.

This neat and commodious establishment, having undergone many material alterations in the hands of the present proprietor, is now offered to the public, as possessing peculiar and prominent advantages for the accommodation of travellers, whether single, or with families, or parties.

Being located in the centre of the business division, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable promenades and resorts of the city, it is peculiarly adapted to the convenience and accommodation of every variety of patronage with which it may be honored.

Possessing all the advantages of the largest Hotels, without the crowd, noise, and bustle attendant thereupon, it affords to visitors every privilege of the public house, with the quiet and comfort of a private residence.

By a strict attention to the larder, and a constant supply of every luxury that can add to the enjoyment of his guests, the proprietor hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. [J21] R G. HERRING.

SHAKSPEARE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber has recently opened the splendid new Hotel, erected on the site of Harmony Hall, on the corner of William and Duane streets, which will be conducted on an entire new plan, that he hopes will give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. He will always keep the best the market affords—such as Birds, Fish, Flesh, &c. The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors. Oysters served up in the best style.

Attached to the Hotel is a large and commodious REFECTORY, where meals can be had at all hours at a moment's notice.

The subscriber formerly kept the Park Hall at Boston, and hopes by a strict attention to the comfort of his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.

[d24] AMOS S. ALLEN, Shakspeare Hotel and Refectory.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

BARDOTTE & CARTER.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM & PERFUMERY WAREHOUSE, No. 146 Broadway, up stairs. mar 5

SUPERIOR PASTE BLACKING.

JAMES DARCY & CO.'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY, No. 4 Courtland-street, N. York. Where all orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

☞ Wholesale purchasers will find it their advantage to call at the Old Establishment.

mar 12

WANTED,

CAST OFF CLOTHING, at Michael Levy's 82 1-2 Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel. N.B. Please to notice the number. mar 5

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.
jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown. that pronounces the
French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a
great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising
dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.
6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off
his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son
who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grima
aces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog. &c. 11. Mrs.
Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and
strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified
into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Barnwell, S. C.	Annual Jockey Club meeting, Wednesday, 15th Feb.
Belfield, Va.	Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
Baltimore, Md.	Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Charleston, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Lynchburg, Va.	Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
New York City.	Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
New Orleans, La.	Jockey Club, Eclipse Course, 2d Tuesday, 14th March.
Natchez, Miss.	Jockey Club meeting, Pharsalia Course, 1st Wednesday, 1st of March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h. $5000 aside, h. ft. *Hinda* vs. *Pr. Talleyrand*, 30th Jan.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope* Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
Trenton, N. J.	First Spring meeting, Eagle Course, last Tuesday, 25th April.
Tree Hill, Va.	Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Washington City.	National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40.
[F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for $3.*

MATCH--FOUR LEGS AGAINST TWO.

Richmond, (Va.) 28th Jan., 1837.

Mr. Editor,—Has the proprietor of the Fairfield Course sent you the result of the match that came off to-day over his course, for $500? If not, you had better give him a gentle hint to do so. [Mr. Adams will please to consider the above as a gentle hint.—*Ed.*] What is Stannard, the pedestrian champion of the North doing about these days? We hear a rival has sprung up in your city, that offers to run against any quarter horse south of the Potomac. It was rumored here last week that he lately run a match in New York against a pair of trotting horses, and was only beat by *his* length, (some 5 feet 6 inches.) How comes it that you never alluded to it in that chronicle of Sporting Intelligence, the Spirit of the Times? You *must* know all about it, so give us the whole affair, and the names of the parties, and oblige Yours truly,

"Black Heath."

Note.—The sporting affair alluded to by our correspondent "came off" in Broadway some weeks since, and excited quite a sensation in sporting circles. The match grew out of some remark made at the dinner table by a gentleman present, and we should have laid the result before our readers at the time, but that the affair was a bit of fun, got up privately between friends, and was known only to the few gentlemen at table at the time. The man of the Herald heard of it, and at once bruited it abroad, though without completely identifying the parties, which, under the circumstances, was an act of propriety that deserves commendation. We quote the "official report" to oblige our correspondent:—

Human *versus* Horse Flesh.—A number of gentlemen, intimately acquainted with the capabilities of stocks, rail-roads, steam power, horse power, and man power, made a wager last week that a certain one among them would beat any pair of the best horses in a wagon, from St. Paul's church to Trinity, any day, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock—the horses to go ahead in any pace they could, the gentleman the same.

The backers of the gentleman calculated that the crowds of carriages in Broadway would effectually give the advantage to the human animal, who certainly is one of the most improved breed in the country. Bets ran ten to one against the horses, yet, "nothing loth," the owner of the horses felt that something would turn up to give him the advantage.

The purse being made up—the anxiety of the sporting world excited to the utmost—accordingly, last Saturday, at 11 o'clock, the race came off, at the crack of the whip, and the word given by the bottle-holders—"go," in the very midst of the crowds of men, carriages, ladies (lovely ones), dogs, hogs, and small cattle, that congregate at that hour. The driver of the horses, who had drawn up at the corner of St. Paul's, gave a crack of his whip, and down he went, like Jehu, in spite of all opposition. The foot racer also started at a rapid pace at the same instant; the betters, and those in the secret, tipping the wink to each other from both sides of the street.

"Go," said an old gentleman when he heard the word given, and saw the wagon start as if it had run away—"go," said he, putting his hand on his pocket to see if his pocket-book was safe—"egad, I think you will go to the devil before you stop."

"Go," said a parson—"he looks as if he were going the way of all sinners."

"Go," said a lovely lady, passing by—"is that person going to be married? Ah!" sighing—"he does not know what it is!"

Go they did. The driver of the horses cried "clear the way." The carriages, omnibuses and all, obeyed as fast as they could. Everybody thought the horses had run away, and hence everybody in a crowded street got out of the way as fast as they could.

The gentleman, threading his way through the passengers, got ahead of the horses near Maiden-lane.—He walked, run, jumped, sometimes on the side-walk, sometimes in the street.

"That gemman," said a boot-black, "has his horses run off—Dina, let 'um pass—get out of de way."

Man and horse ran now neck and neck—bets from ten dollars down to par, and immoveable at that. They reached the City Hotel, the gentleman ahead—horses behind. The betters of 10 to 1 on horse flesh looked blue. Only a small distance now to be travelled.—The wagoner half way to the corner of Wall-street, raised his whip and gave an unconscionable crack.—His horses jumped—the omnibusses cleared out of the way, and out he came, horses and all, just one length ahead, opposite the sacred dome of Trinity Church.

The gentleman now gave in. A splendid dinner was given that day, and much wine and wit expended over the race in Broadway.

English High Life.—The Boston Morning Post gives the following *interesting* picture of the *haut ton* of Old England:—

'Adolphus,' said her Ladyship to her German page, who had made his appearance in prompt obedience to the ringing of the bell: 'Adolphus, call Elle here.' Elle was called, and in a few seconds was in the drawing-room. 'Take up that handkerchief,' said the Marchioness, pointing to the place where it lay on the floor. The maid of course did as she was desired, and was in the act of giving the handkerchief to her Ladyship. The latter drew back, as if something odious had been offered her, and said, somewhat sternly, 'No, Elle, give it to my Lord, and he will hand it me.' The noble Marquis was in an adjoining room, and on the handkerchief being given him he came into the drawing-room, and placing it in his Lady's hand, said in accents of edifying kindness, 'Your handkerchief, my dear.' It is not long since the most Radical Earl in the country discharged one of his servants for giving him a letter with his hand, instead of on a china plate.

Oh, dear! Hold my head! I shall positively commit a nuisance! Where's my hat? "School-marm, may I go out?"

Hanging in Joke.—An inquest was held recently at Bristol, (Eng.,) on the body of a young man named James Mitchell. Deceased said to his sister that people told him he was too great a coward to hang himself, and in a joke he took a piece of string and fastened it round his neck as he stood on a chair, and, falling from the chair, he was actually hung. Verdict—"Accidental death, caused by hanging himself in a joke."

Bits of Fun.—On another page will be found the earliest extracts given in this country from Hood's *Comic Annual*, for 1837, not yet received here. The London Annual Register, for the current year, promises to be rife with fun.—Here are a few scraps:—

"Feb. 10.—An eminent apothecary in the New Road attended at Marylebone office, to prosecute his errand boy, who, when sent out with medicine, being versed in Shakspeare, used to 'throw physic to the dogs,' and sell the empty bottles: the boy had spent the money in going to see the *Bottle Imp*. The doctor said his suspicions were first excited, by finding his patients suddenly getting well. His worship at first threatened the culprit with the pillory and the black-hole; but afterwards changed the sentence into pills and a black draught, as more severe, and desired his master to take him home and dose him.

"March 10.—A young lady at the Bucks county ball, was apparently seized with convulsions in the midst of a quadrille. Her mamma ran to her assistance and matters were soon restored. It seems that, her waist having been reduced to a minimum of magnitude, she was always obliged to be unhooked behind before she could sneeze.

"May 25.—An elderly gentleman was charged with having kissed a lady for a lark in the fields, near Kentish Town. He was fined five shillings for not being a better naturalist, with an admonition from the worthy magistrate, that most of the birds in that district belonged to the order, 'pass-er.'

"Sept. 1.—A sporting cockney was unlucky enough to hit a cow in the calf of her leg at Hornsey. She was no sooner in a limp than she was in a hubble, and he found to his cost that a leg of beef is not always to be peppered with impunity.

"Sept. 12.—Mr. Curtis announced his intention of standing for the borough of *Eye*, in the event of a dissolution of parliament, and made his opening speech to the voters amidst cries of '*Ear! Ear!*'"

Post Office.—The Boston Galaxy has the following capital essay upon Post Offices and Post Masters, the latter part of which we especially commend to those of our subscribers who ever fail to receive their papers:—

Your Post Office is your only true democrat, the leveller of all distinctions, the patron of all trades and professions—the herald of lovers' sighs and creditors' duns—the distributer of good and evil—the announcer of intelligence to kill, and intelligence to cure. The scroll on which depends the fate of a nation, and that which decides the sale of a load of potatoes are equal here. Both receive the like attention. With equal care is the paper of state and the rustic's blotted epistle preserved and forwarded on its way. Besides some Senator's important package, nestles in, cheek by jowl, the greasy letter of a soap boiler's daughter. The poet's burning lines keep company with the merchant's matter of fact epistle; and the Quaker's modest sheet shakes hands with a polite invitation to a ball, or a courtezan's amatory professions. Here the written declarations of deadly foes are fondly and ardently pressed together—the letters of opposing politicians meet and embrace in the leather hall to which they are consigned. The General Post Office, whose branches extend into every part of the country—through whose veins the life-blood of commerce, of agriculture, of literature, and of love are continually coursing, is the most important institution in the country. Without it commerce would be becalmed, science would retrograde, literature would die, and love would cool. Without its indispensable aid, the creditor could not dun, and the creditor could not complain—the love-lorn damsel would sigh over the negligence of her absent swain—the merchant would dream of shipwreck and ruin—the politician could not electioneer—the poet could not borrow money—the woman of fashion might wear a bonnet that had been three days voted down by the ton—the state of the weather in Illinois would remain unknown on the sea-board—the murder would first be announced by a travelling preacher; and what is worse than all, the Pearl and Galaxy would not be circulated Down East.

Of how much importance is it then that the affairs of this great thoroughfare of business, love, and literature should be kept pure and unsuspected. Of how much consequence is it that the gate-keepers and toll-takers of this establishment should be men on whom the most implicit reliance can be placed. Considering the importance of the Post Office, and the responsibilities which rest on its agents, what must we think of those Post-masters and mistresses who keep their letters in a tea-kettle, or stow them up garret in an old band-box among the lumber? What must we think of the old lady who picks out a letter with a handsome seal to give to the children to keep them quiet, while she reads her Bible upside down? What shall we think of the Post-mistress who allows the girls of the neighborhood to squeeze up and examine all the rose-colored letters at a penny a peep? Some of those little agents of the Post Office are about as competent for the task as a monkey is to manage a steam engine. They will withhold letters by way of punishment to their neighbors, with whom they chance to have a quarrel—and cannot think of delivering up a magazine or a newspaper to the humble individual who subscribes to it, until the Squire and the Minister have had the perusal of it; and even then if these worthies consider it of immoral tendency, or calculated to encourage heterodox opinions, it is made the subject of an *auto de fe*. How happy, then, is that people who have a Postmaster possessing all the requisite qualifications and the scrupulous integrity required by his calling. How favored is that people who have a "Nathaniel, who is an Israelite indeed, and in whom there is no guile."

Sale of Blood Stock.—Rezin D. Shepherd, Esq., of Baltimore, has sold the whole of his fine imported blood stock to Henry Shepherd, Esq., of Shepherdstown, Va., consisting of three brood mares, four colts and fillies, fifteen head of improved Durham short-horned cattle, seven head of Ayreshire cattle, and twenty improved Dishley sheep. One of the mares is by Tramp, one of the fillies by Lottery, one by St. Nicholas, and one of the colts by Priam. We are gratified, since this valuable stock was to be sold, that it has passed into the hands of one so capable of its proper management as is its present owner. This, added to his former fine stock, will make it one of the most excellent collections of blood horses and cattle in the country. We understand that Mr. Shepherd will dispose of some of the animals. Turf Register.

NATIONAL THEATRE.
MISS WATSON'S BENEFIT—LAST NIGHT OF THE PIRATE BOY !!

Last appearance of Mrs. and Miss Watson.

MISS WATSON begs respectfully to announce to her friends and the public, that on Tuesday evening Feb. 7th, 1837, will be performed, for the last time this engagement,

THE PIRATE BOY.

Clara, - - Mrs. Watson | Francisco - Miss Watson
Templemore - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Plumer
Comic Singing by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Baldock.
Dancing, &c. &c.
To conclude with, for the first time at this theatre, the musical piece of the
SWISS COTTAGE; or Why don't she Marry?
Natz Tieck - Mr. Flynn | Lisette (first time) Miss Watson

☞ The Box-book is now open. [F4

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F4] E. H. B.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, February, 1837.

CONTENTS.—*Original Papers*—Vanderlyn, a Novel; "Too Late;" Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 2; Lines; "Come to me, Sister;" To ——; Alhamar; The Lover to the star Lyra; Married by Mistake; The Blues; Extracts from an unpublished Poem; Copy-right, No. 1; Llewellyn's Dog; A Peep into Connecticut; Song; Aaron Burr; Love Unchangeable.

Critical Notices.—History of Worcester, Mass.; The Ladies' Wreath; A Pebble against the Tide; Dearborn's Byron, Vol. 5; Espriella's Letters; The Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt; Inklings of Adventure; The Magnolia, for 1837; Address before the Alumni of the Nashville University; Mrs. Sigourney's Letters to Young Ladies; History of China and its inhabitants.

Monthly Commentary.—The "Plaindealer" upon Copy-right; Theatrical.

This day published by Geo. Dearborn, 38 Gold-street. [F4

THE AMERICAN HOTEL, BROADWAY,

HAVING recently undergone extensive repairs and alterations, continues open for the reception of families and visitors. Every attention will be paid to the comfort and accommodation of those who may favor the establishment with their patronage.

☞ The publishers out of New York, who send their papers to the American Hotel, are requested to give the above a week's insertion, and forward their bills to the office of the Hotel. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14, 1836. [J7]

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $600, forfeit, $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake

1 J. S. Garrison,	3 J. P. Corbin,	5 Willett M'Coun,	7 C. Irvine,
2 C. W. Morgan,	4 I. S. Snedecor,	6 William Jones,	8 John Heth.

SETTER DOG WANTED.

THE highest price will be paid for a beautiful and well broke Setter Dog, on immediate application to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [J28

SWEEPSTAKES FREE FOR THE WORLD.

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, with colts and fillies, then three years old, past, agreeable to the Rules of the Natchez Jockey Club, over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss., on the Tuesday of the week previous to the Jockey Club races, in the Spring of 1838. One Thousand Dollars Subscription, Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To close on the 15th of Feb. next. Any nomination may be altered before that time, but no subscription can be withdrawn. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe will direct their nominations (post paid) to

W. J. MINOR, Natchez.

P.S. There are already five subscribers.

Natchez, Miss., Dec. 19th, 1836. [J14

PRODUCE STAKES FOR 1839.

WE, the undersigned, do hereby agree to run a Sweepstakes race, Mile heats, over the Pharsalia Course, on the Monday preceding the races of the Natchez (Miss.) Jockey Club, in the Spring of 1839, between the following *Bertrand Colts*, foaled last Spring; subscription $1000, forfeit $250; to be run agreeably to the Rules of the Natchez Jockey Club.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. L. Bingaman names produce of Bertrand and Madge Wildfire.
O. Claiborne names produce of Bertrand and Lisbon Maid.
L. Coen names produce of Bertrand and Sally Nailor.

Natchez, Miss. Dec. 10, 1836. [J21-tf

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock of Blood Horses are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:

1. The iron gray horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, by Imp. Barefoot, dam Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse, grandam Lady Hamlet, by Hamlet, g grandam by old Imp. Messenger, g g grandam an imported mare.
2. The iron gray mare *Maria Lovell*, by Sir Lovell, 4 years old, out of the dam of No. 1.
3. The sorrel filly *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, by Andrew, out of the dam of No. 1.
4. The bay horse, *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of the grandam of No. 1.

For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address,

[J28-3m] JESSE W. SEAMAN, corner of Beekman and South-st., N. Y.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats, under the saddle, sub. $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.
2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season. A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

NATCHEZ (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the first day of March next, over the Pharsalia Course, and continue four days.

First Day, Wednesday, March 1—Two mile heats, purse $400.
Second Day, Thursday, March 2—Three mile heats, purse $700.
Third Day, Friday, March 3—Four mile heats, purse $1200.
Fourth Day, Saturday, March 4—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, $500.

Free for all horses, agreeable to rule.

Natchez, 28th Dec., 1837. [J28-5t] W. J. MINOR, Sec'y N. J. C.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE First Spring meeting will take place on Tuesday, 25th of April. The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1st. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, subscription $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March.

SUBSCRIBERS.

J. B. Kendall, W. McCoun, Samuel Laird.

2d. Post Stake for 4 year old colts and fillies; subscription $100 each, p.p. Two mile heats, $200 added by Proprietor; to close on the 1st April; four or more to make a race.

[J28] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE.—The First Spring meeting will commence on 2d Tuesday, 14th March, 1837.

First Day—A Purse of $500, Mile heats, entrance $50.
Second Day—A Purse of $700, Two mile heats, entrance $70.
Third Day—A Purse of $1000, Three mile heats, entrance $100.
Fourth Day—The Louisiana Jockey Club Purse, $2000, Four mile heats, entrance $150.
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best three in five, for the entrance money of the preceding days, making, in all probability, a purse of $1200. Entrance, 10 per cent on the amount; free for any horse.
Sixth Day—The New Orleans Plate, consisting of a splendid Tea Service of Silver, valued at $1000. In this race 4 year colts and under will carry their appropriate weights, 5 yrs old and over will carry 100lbs. Entrance $100, four or more to make a race. The winner to take the plate or money at his option. Two mile heats.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the Union, conforming to the rules of the Club. The purse of each day will be paid to the winner in cash, without discount.

The proprietor has fitted up this Course at a heavy expense, with the intention of establishing a permanent and respectable Race Meeting, under the patronage of a Jockey Club, that will at once give confidence to all, and ensure us to have this amusement in its purity.

This new, and most extensive establishment of the sort in America, is situated immediately on the Rail Road from New Orleans to Carrollton, 4 miles from the former, and in the limits of the latter City. By this road, on racing days, 1000 persons can be conveyed every half hour, immediately to the course, for the small sum of 25 cents; the river road passes immediately by the track, and steamboats can land passengers within a few steps of the course. The track is exactly a mile, enclosed with a close plank fence, 10 feet high, railed on the inside. There is now in rapid completion a Stand, a large portion of which is fitted up for members of the Club and Ladies, capable of affording the most entire view of every part of the race to 6000 persons. The track will be one of the safest and quickest in the Union. The objections to racing heretofore in this vicinity will now be entirely remedied, as the track will be covered with sand and saw dust, rendering it good in any weather, and at all times free from mud or water. The accommodations for race horses are large, and inferior to none; the stables will be supplied with cistern water, in the mean time, convenient to the river there is now erecting a floating wharf that will render it entirely safe to land horses at all times.

The great facility of bringing race horses here, and the inducement of larger purses than are given by any two race courses in the Union, will assure the attendance of the best horses from all the surrounding States.

The Proprietor has received a letter from Mr. Garrison, of Norfolk, Virginia, stating that he is on his way here with a full stable. Amongst them are the celebrated Cippus, Miss Maynard, Virginia Graves, and others. Col. Bingaman, will be here, with the celebrated Angora, John Minor, Fanny Wright, &c. Mr. Minor, from Natchez, with Cathleen, and others. Messrs. Routh and Barrow with Alice Riggs, Prince Talleyrand, and Fanny Bell. Messrs. Wells' with the renowned Linnett, Extio, Dick Chin, Wings, Longitude and Jane Elliott. Mr. Duplantier with John Beasley, Lauderdale and others. Col. Claiborne with the famed Susan Yandell, Antelope, Cassandra, &c. Col. Johnson, of Alabama, with Red Maria, Splendid, Forsaken Filly, and Betsey Rochleau. Mr. Hardin's stable will, in all probability, be here, as well as Mr. Stark's, and Mr. Jackson's Stables, from Alabama, Mr. Hurts, from Virginia, with several others from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia. These, with the Proprietor's own stable, Monmouth, Richard of York, Morris, &c., will ensure the greatest number of race horses and of greater celebrity than has ever been seen on any race course in the South.

The subscriber has for several years been the owner and proprietor of the race course at the City of Washington, District of Columbia, and feels confident that his knowledge of these matters will enable him to give satisfaction. He has received the assurance of almost all the owners of the above celebrated horses, that nothing shall prevent their being here. The public may probably never have it in their power again to witness such sport.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

N.B. The celebrated Carrollton Hotel is situated within 100 yards of the course, where gentlemen disposed to remain on the ground with their horses, can find accommodations in a style that must please the most fastidious. This establishment has recently gone under the superintendence of Mr. F. Bernard, formerly of Washington City, D. C., and will be conducted particularly in reference to the comfort of the Club and Racers during the week.

New Orleans, Jan. 10, 1837. [J28-7t]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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